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{ From Beginning.
Vol CXXI. }

CONTENTS

I. The Murder Novel. <i>By John M. Robertson.</i>	NEW CENTURY REVIEW	267
II. Bygone Days. <i>By Mrs. Charles Bagot.</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	272
III. A French Courtship. IV-VIII. (Conclusion.) <i>By Henri Lavedan.</i>		286
Translated for The Living Age by Helen W. Pierson.		
IV. A Ride in South Morocco. <i>By Frederick Williams Wynn.</i>	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	295
V. Recent Science. II. Weather Predictions. (Conclusion.) <i>By P. Kropotkin.</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY	305
VI. Spring: A Roundel. <i>By M. R. Weld.</i>	SPEAKER	312
VII. London Birds. <i>By W. H. Hudson.</i>	LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE	313
VIII. The Birds' Petition. <i>By Charles Lusted.</i>	GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE	321
IX. The Place of Natural Ornament.	SPECTATOR	322
X. The Art of Poetry. <i>By John Davidson.</i>	SPEAKER	325
XI. The New Arrangement with France.	ECONOMIST	326
XII. A Little Master of English.	ACADEMY	328
XIII. The Moat. <i>By Mathilde Blind.</i>		330

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FROM BEGINNING
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THE MURDER NOVEL.

Unless my recollection of the novels of one or two generations ago be astray, there is one remarkable difference between them and the popular school of English romance at the end of the century. Near as they were to the days of highway robbery, of hanging for sheep-stealing, or duelling, and of domestic and European war, our grandfathers and grandmothers were so far different in their tastes from their descendants that, in their novel-reading, they seem never to have wanted, or at least they very rarely got, bloodshed. It seems to have been held in those days that breaking of bones and letting of blood was really not sport for ladies. And it is the distinction of the last score of years in the century, in the matter of romance, to have changed all that.

It is true that Sir Walter, dealing as he did at times with deeds of arms, had now and then to let somebody be killed; but it was always done with a certain solemnity, as of a serious man over an unfortunate event: so that the one impression we do *not* preserve of his romances is that of the cheerfulness of the taking of life. One hesitates to think what some of our modern authors would have done with Sir Walter's opportunities—what assiduous sword-play they would have given us in "*Rob Roy*" and the "*Legend of Montrose*," and how

they would have disdained his device, in "*Ivanhoe*," of letting the offending Brian de Bois-Guilbert die of "the violence of his own contending passions." The death of the sham herald in "*Quentin Durward*" would have been for them an incident barely worth a sentence, and that sentence, in their hands, would not have been one of homily. To them, Sir Walter's respect for mere human life must seem almost valetudinarian; and the slaughterless narratives of Fielding and Goldsmith, to say nothing of Richardson, must have the insipidity of spoon meat.

When one thinks of it, there must have been *some* murders in the old novels: there were pirates and coroners and villains then, as now; the "bowl and dagger school" was a phrase in use; and the clash of arms does still faintly ring from some half-forgotten romances across the century; but, unless the distance lends propriety to reminiscence, the murders were treated as things to be got away from, and the task of the hero in whose sphere of influence they occurred was to "bring the assassin to justice" rather than to assassinate back. And, for the most part, murder was left to the lower orders of character. In Dickens, Jonas Chuzzlewit murders somebody—like Mr. Lang, I cannot recall whom or why—with an amount of mental strain that

communicates itself to the reader, so that the episode looms in memory as something lurid and frightful; and, similarly, the crime of Bill Sykes bulks blackly and oppressively across the tale. A murder *was* a murder, so to speak, in Dickens. And in Thackeray, so much less melodramatic, and so fastidious about sensation, we never get a murder at all, save by way of a duel. On that head, the author of "Vanity Fair" would have stared at some of the later practitioners of his craft, who on their part, it is to be feared, must find him preposterously scrupulous about killing, and extravagantly interested in mere character.

In "Esmond," for instance, the personality of Lord Castlewood is held up to the light in chapter after chapter, and his death by the sword of Lord Mohun is handled as a veritable tragedy; and when Harry Esmond, with his *botte de Jésuite*, gets a chance later to avenge his kinsman and remove a rascal, he does but wound him, on the now unheard-of ground that it was not for him, a private citizen, to take a life in vengeance. This, be it observed, in a romance, a tale of adventure. In the society novels, of course, such a question did not even arise. For Thackeray, as for Jane Austen, normal human experience did not include the use of cold steel upon fellow creatures, however objectionable; and these artists did not take Dickens' satisfaction in parading criminals and crimes.

Looking back, one is inclined to think that it was with Dickens that the taste for blood began to come into English fiction. Mr. Wilkie Collins, to the best of my recollection, made a good deal of use of murder in his plots; and Miss Braddon improved upon him in the matter of thrill. Even George Eliot, who, like Mr. Meredith, belonged to the middle age of plot, gives us whiffs of crime in "Romola" and "Middlemarch," and raises a delicate question for the

coroner in "Daniel Deronda." But these coquettings with police news are the merest child's play compared with the hearty and unabashed spirit of slaughter that animates a whole school of romancers who have arisen since George Elliot's day.

It was the gallant Stevenson who first effectively brought the glamour of *gules* into our artistic romance in these latter days. In order of publication, "Treasure Island" began the entertainment, with its fascinating Long John Silver, its stockade fighting, and its general flow of blood in the scuppers. In "Kidnapped," after the early bout of assault and ambuscade on the brig, the author held his hand somewhat, aiming rather at an interest of character; but in "The Wreckers" he certainly made up for lost time; and in "The Black Arrow," which appeared in book form out of its order in time of writing, the handling of sword and knife is spirited and spirit-stirring. A touch of the same scent gives piquancy to the "New Arabian Nights" and "The Dynamiters;" but it is in "The Wreckers" that we have the most enterprising use of the gore motive, and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" that the charm of crime is most intensely exploited. The naval massacre in "The Wreckers," the romantic attraction of which consists in its being treated as a disagreeable necessity for which nobody is seriously to be execrated, almost carries us back to the good old tale of the Nibelungen, wherein "a murder grim and great" gives Homeric breadth to the narrative. Finally, in "The Beach of Falesà," we have the joy of knifing dramatically presented in the first person by "a man who did."

It is not to be supposed that Stevenson did not reflect artistically and even ethically on his employment of blood as local color. Doubtless he would have ready a vigorous retort on the bourgeois sentimentalism of anybody who

suggested that he made very little account of murder as a phase of conduct. Still, he seems to have pulled up after the "Beach" and "The Ebb-Tide," and bethought him that after all great fiction has more to do with the analysis of the spirit than with the cutting-up of flesh and blood. "Weir of Hermiston" is a distinct reversion to the psychological.

If Stevenson flagged, however, the neo-romantic school has not yet lost its taste for the higher homicide. Carnage is its handmaid—if one may so modify Wordsworth. Mr. Kipling has outgone Stevenson in his wholesale manipulation of the murder-motive. In "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," in particular, he has given to his large public such a touch of the thrill of slaughter as no previous artist had been able to communicate; and in his "Jungle Book" he contrives, in the intellectual interests of the young, to raise the life of the lower animals to the epic heights of massacre hitherto reserved for the head of the mammalia.

Thus the rising generation is being kept up to date. There used to be a good deal of cutting-off of heads in the fairy tales of a generation ago, Hans Christian Andersen having no aversion to the lusty key set in "Jack the Giant-Killer." When a humanitarian lady, some years ago, protested against such literature—and some other sorts—as demoralizing to the young, a certain learned journalist scornfully retorted that children are not morally affected in that fashion; and are thus more sensible than some of the adults who supervise them. And doubtless he was right, so far as the question then went. But the boy whose young idea is taught to shoot by the "Jungle Book" seems to be in a different case; and the British patriot may hopefully reckon that the generation that is being thus guided will be well nurtured for the duties of empire as regards the hand-

ling of inferior races, and will be quite peculiarly prepared for the coming Armageddon that so inspires the imagination of our patriots. And, as the cares of empire widen for us in Africa, we may take similar comfort in the services of Mr. Rider Haggard, whose picture of the Achillean figure of Umslopogaas, the skull-prodder, has doubtless roused many a youth to high resolves conducive to the civilizing aims of Mr. Rhodes.

After the successes of Stevenson and Kipling and Mr. Haggard, the murder novel was bound to be energetically cultivated; and in Mr. Anthony Hope it has found a master. That versatile artist, finding no great appetite in the public for such moderately exciting fiction as "A Man of the People," seems to have passed at one resolute stride from the delicate drawing-room humor of the "Dolly Dialogues" to the ruddy and sanguine romance of "The Prisoner of Zenda"—from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter, as the slang of last generation had it. Nowhere, perhaps, is the latter pursuit taken up in fiction with such scientific grasp, and such a vigilant eye to opportunities, as in the tale of the wondrous career of Mr. Rudolf Rassendyll in Ruritania. The keynote is struck with promptitude and decision on the first day of the proceedings in the matter of king-making. Mr. Rassendyll and his comrades, it will be remembered, return to the castle to find that one of their subordinates has been killed in the process of securing the king. Thus thriftily has time been husbanded. As they ride away and see a party of horsemen approaching in the darkness, the substitute king, full of his new responsibility of office, feels that something must be done in the way of retribution, and accordingly charges with his henchmen into the group whose general guilt he broadly divines. With regal impartiality he lays about him with his weapon at

large, heedless as to degrees of complicity. To this ideal he does not fail to live up; and the result is a butcher's bill which speaks volumes for the soundness of the nerves of the British reading-public. The reader is never allowed to feel that the story drags. If the captivity of the king seems factitiously prolonged, the deaths of other people keep up the interest without a pause. In one chapter, one does feel for a moment puzzled as to the artist's plan of campaign. The prisoner's friends get within reach of him; the sentinel in the boat on the moat is duly knifed; the king is found to be alone in his cell; the rescuer sees a light between the wall and the end of the funnel; and all that is needed is that he should whisper to the king to get into the funnel and be taken up by the boat at the other end. Yet nothing comes to pass; the rescuers withdraw till another time; and one begins to harbor an ungenerous suspicion that Mr. Hope simply countermanded the action because he found he had not yet made the book long enough. But, on retrospect, one remembers the stabbed sentinel and retracts the charge, acknowledging that the night had not been lived in vain, and that the action is consistently progressive.

The seal of popularity having been set upon "The Prisoner of Zenda," the industrious artist produced, in "Phroso," a much better romance, in which the excitement of manslaughter is again secured in connection with contemporary life. An educated English nobleman of our day finds himself in situations where the stabbing and shooting of enemies is "all in the day's work," and nobody, save the parties disposed of, is a penny the worse, in reputation or in conscience. I do not recollect how many human obstacles are cleared off in the stirring pages of "Phroso;" but there are a full half-dozen to the credit of the right side.

apart from the stabbed lady. Mr. Hope had used that lady before in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and he seems to have felt that, in view of the sameness of her duties in the two plots, he could not very well employ her again, and so had better diversify her career in the meantime by getting her knifed. Those who have been able to follow the acrobatic career of Rupert of Hentzau can report whether the master's hand keeps its perfect cunning. I have only been able to take cursory note that Mr. Hope, true to his art, has killed the king, applying to him also the *ultima ratio*.

More industrious novel-readers than I can doubtless lengthen indefinitely the list of examples of the art-form under notice. It has many varieties, from the vein of Mr. Rider Haggard to that of Mr. Wells; it even promises to tinge the novel of character, so called. George Elliot spared us the threatened hanging in "Adam Bede;" but Mrs. Ward carried hers through to the bitter end in "Marcella;" and Mr. Hardy gave us both murder and execution in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The psychological novel evidently feels the competition of the sarcological, and is moved to adopt modern methods. As for the short story, it now wears the red badge of carnage in two cases out of three, and one may pick up a magazine in which every tale has its justified homicide. That is the crowning charm of the murder novel—nobody is ever prosecuted. It is taken for granted all round that the American gentleman of a Southern State was unchallengably right when he framed the maxim that "murder is the most gentlemanly crime that anybody can commit."

It is somewhat remarkable, by the way, that despite the universality of its appeal, the murder novel is still almost wholly in British hands. M. Zola indeed added gore to his other coloring

in "La Terre" and "La Bête Humaine;" but on his powerful palette the pigment did not particularly stand out; and the practitioners of America are in this matter quite behind the age. Mr. James and Mr. Howells obstinately pursue the presentment of mere character and its reactions. Years ago, Mr. George Moore complained wistfully that in Mr. James' books, while there are traditions that grave misdeeds occurred in a past generation, and hints that they may happen again, "right bang in front of the reader nothing ever happens." Mr. James has proved incorrigible in his distaste for crime, and Mr. Moore seems even to have been partially converted to his view, for "Esther Waters" is not eminently eventful in the current sense, and the only blood in it is a medical, not a moral phenomenon, while in "Evelyn Jones" there is not even that. But there is no saying how things may go: it is all very well to exploit the British conscience once in a way with a novel that shows the punishment of betting; but the range of possibility in that line is restricted in comparison with the scope of the theme of unpunished murder. Mr. Stanley Weyman has written some catching stories, one of them a very pretty romance in its way, but his parsimony in the matter of blood threatens to class him low in the race for popularity. He will probably have to give his swordsmen more practical work if he is to hold his own. Fights in which nobody falls will not suit the robust appetite of the age.

It is to be observed, too, that the taste appealed to by the sanguinary school is eminently virtuous. That taste is even capable of recoiling from the unpleasantness in "Esther Waters," where nobody kills or is killed, but where there is a hospital scene and a *faux pas*—things compared with which a murder is refined and romantic. Mr. Robert Cromie, the author of one of

the most original and effective sensational romances of the day, "The Crack of Doom," has vehemently attacked the methods of the school of Zola as being nauseous, evidently feeling that the murder by slow strangulation which strikes the key-note of the plot in his romance is something breezy and wholesome in comparison. As regards sex-matters, he is himself strictly conservative, and nowhere more so than in his brilliant war romance, "The Next Crusade," where the bulk of the population of Turkey are massacred, in revenge for their atrocities, here carefully chronicled. So scrupulous, indeed, are most practitioners of the novel of blood in the matter of what are commonly called the proprieties, that they must be credited with a laudable anxiety to consider the feelings of that "young person of seventeen" whose needs have been so much discussed in connection with the English novel of character. They may justly claim to have written nothing that will bring a blush to the cheek of youth; and, all things considered, it seems difficult to prove that, on the other hand, they ever plant a pallor there. The suffrages of the circulating libraries must be taken to express the decision of the British public that the murder novel is a strictly sanitary product for family reading. Many people boggle at "Jude the Obscure" and "Tess;" and not a few, including the Times newspaper, at "Esther Waters;" but nobody, I think, complains of the death-rate in the romances of Mr. Hope, any more than over those of Stevenson and Mr. Rider Haggard. These writers never fluster the parlor with problems of sex; and Mr. Hope, though he did introduce a dark lady in the "Prisoner," treated her very austerely, albeit she leant to virtue's side, and took care that in "Phroso" she was legally, if secretly, married. And even that did not save her. Of such strict regard for

propriety the great British public is cordially appreciative. Art with us is felt to be on perfectly safe moral ground when it sympathetically represents breaches of the sixth commandment, provided it only stops there and never raises the question of the seventh. This is the great stay of the Anglo-Saxon spirit, as regards all comparisons between itself and the French. Our healthy taste, and at the same time our delicacy, are proved by the satisfaction we take in tales of abnormal bloodshed, where the corrupt public of Daudet and Zola and Huysmans, indifferent to such pure entertainment, persistently contemplates things that go on among average people. Hence the prevalent decadence of French literature.

To be sure, a difficulty might be raised about the possible effects of the murder novel upon the statistics of crime. If it be true that the penny dreadful, with its highwaymen heroes, propels untutored youth to burglary, it seems arguable that the constant reading of tales of honorable murder, written by gentlemen for gentlemen and ladies, might tend to encourage the practice in real life, where it must

The New Century Review.

often seem so convenient, and where its propriety must often be perfectly clear, as tried by the generous standards of the sanguinary school, so notoriously scrupulous about morals. But thousands of estimable people will be ready to testify that such apprehensions are "morbid" and "sentimental;" so that we seem entitled to be of good cheer over our literary condition. At the close of the nineteenth century, unemasculated by peace and the Peace Society, unsophisticated by Socialism, untainted by utilitarian ethics and French models, our great reading-public draws a Spartan moral stimulus from the healthy novel of homicide; and the weaker sex, too long a prey to mere psychology and the lore of the affections, has learned to share the masculine interest in the effective use of the knife and pistol, whether in public or in private quarrel. There is even ground to hope that the wholesome and educative sport of bull-baiting may be restored, after a century of eclipse, and that the literary gentleman who lately deplored the thoughtless haste with which we have "too much abolished brutality" may die comforted about his country.

John M. Robertson.

BYGONE DAYS.

My father, Josceline Percy,¹ was born in 1784. At thirteen years of age he was appointed as a volunteer of the first class to H.M.S. "Sans Pareil," carrying Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour's flag, and joined her at the Nore. His uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, having given him, the former a chest of plate, and the latter a

medicine-chest to take to sea with him, the boy was so laughed at for bringing such luxuries that he threw the medicine chest overboard, and the plate would have shared the same fate had it not been handed over to the charge of the ship's purser. The "Sans Pareil" was ironically called the "House of Lords" from having several noble-

¹ Admiral Percy was a son of the Earl of Beverley. His eldest brother subsequently succeeded to the dukedom of Northumberland, on

the death, in 1865, of his first cousin, Algernon, the fourth duke.

men's sons on board of her, and, naturally, these youngsters came in for an extra share of rough treatment. I remember my father saying that for two years he never sat down to a meal, as he and the other lads who had just joined were not allowed to enter the midshipman's mess, but had to snatch their food as best they could.

My father was afterwards appointed to the "Victory," under Lord Nelson, on the Mediterranean station, who sent him with private despatches to the Queen of Naples, and letters to Lady Hamilton, which he was instructed to deliver into her own hands. The Queen presented him with two magnificent old silver lamps; and, on his return from Naples to rejoin H.M.S. "Victory," Lord Nelson gave him a sword, saying to him, "Young man, I envy you! at your age, and in these times, you ought to have a fine career before you."

After the Convention of Cintra, when the French agreed to evacuate Portugal, he had orders to convey General Junot, then a prisoner in the hands of the English, to La Rochelle. Junot and my father became great friends. He meant to have made himself King of Portugal. He told my father that he was the son of an *avocat*, and owed his advance to being able to read and write, which in those days was an honorable distinction in the French line regiments. He acted as Secretary to Napoleon, when the latter was the colonel of the regiment in which he, Junot, was a sergeant. On one occasion (I forget at which battle the incident occurred) he was writing on a drum-head at Napoleon's dictation, when a cannon-ball struck the earth close to them. "*Nous ne manquerons pas de la poussière, mon colonel*," he remarked, calmly. He began his brilliant career from that day, and, when talking of it to my father, said, "Now Napoleon is an emperor, and I am a duke!"

"We do not acknowledge in England

that General Bonaparte is an emperor," replied my father to this remark; "neither do we admit that he has a right to confer titles in another kingdom, more especially when that title and position is already held by a native of that kingdom."

At that time there was a Portuguese Marquis d'Abrantès.

Every morning Junot used to take out a miniature of his wife and kiss it. She was a very beautiful woman.

On leaving my father's ship, Junot gave him a magnificent dressing-case with gold fittings. Whilst at La Rochelle, my father was invited to dine with the French naval officers there, but he thought it more prudent to decline the invitation, lest he might not be permitted to return to his ship.

Junot himself came to urge him to accept it, and pledged his honor that all would be well, and that no deception was intended. "Would you pledge your honor that, should orders arrive from Paris to seize me and detain my ship, you would not feel obliged to obey them?" asked my father.

Junot replied that he could not do so, should such orders arrive, and retired. His visit was followed by one from the French Admiral, who also urged him to accept their invitation. My father told him that, though he had implicit confidence in the honor of the French officers, he could not accept their hospitality. "Because," said he, "I do not acknowledge your Emperor, and will not trust his Government."

My father always spoke of Lord Nelson as having a singular power of attaching all under his command to himself, from the highest officers to the lowest cabin-boy serving under his flag. Lord Nelson's sense of religion was sincere and strong. He brought it with him into his profession, and it never left him. My father, who knew him intimately, said, "Though it" (his

religious feeling) "did not keep him from the great error of his life, it ought to be remembered that few were ever so strongly tempted; and I believe that had Nelson's home been made to him what a wife of good temper and judgment would have made it, never would he have forsaken it." A great cause of quarrel and dissension between Lord and Lady Nelson was the latter's son by a former marriage, who was not a satisfactory person from Lord Nelson's point of view.

My father never forgave Captain Hardy for turning up all hands, and ordering the ship's tailor to sew up his pockets on the quarter-deck. My father had had the early morning midshipman's watch; it was in the North Sea, the weather was bitterly cold, and Hardy had found him with his hands in his pockets.

When Lord Nelson was commanding the Mediterranean fleet, and was lying off the Spanish coast, the captains of two Spanish frigates, just arrived from America, sent to entreat an audience of him, merely to give themselves the gratification of seeing a person whom they considered to be the greatest seaman in the world. Captain Hardy took their request to Lord Nelson, and urged him to comply with it. Notwithstanding the Admiral's peevish reply of—"What in the world is there to see in an old withered fellow like myself?" he ordered that they should be admitted.

Lord Nelson always wore short breeches and silk stockings, and at that moment his legs were bound up at the knees and ankles with pieces of brown paper soaked in vinegar, and tied on with red tape. This had been done to allay the irritation arising from mosquito-bites. Quite forgetting his attire and the extraordinary appearance which it presented, Lord Nelson went on deck and conducted the interview

with the Spanish captains with such perfect courtesy that his singular appearance was quite obliterated by the charm of his manner, and the Spaniards left the ship with their high opinion of him thoroughly confirmed.

He was very peevish about trifles, and would sometimes say to Captain Hardy, "Hardy, it is very hard that I cannot have my breakfast punctually when I order it!"

Nelson subsequently got my father his lieutenancy, and he was appointed to the "Diadem," whose boats he commanded at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. In 1810 he was given, appropriately enough, the command of H.M.S. "Hotspur."

I recollect hearing from him that on one occasion, when the "Hotspur" was ordered to destroy some French gunboats which threatened the island of Guernsey, the French pilot purposely took her under the enemy's forts. An officer of the vessel, whose name I cannot remember, told me that my father was in such a rage when he discovered the treachery, that had his arms not been held he would have shot the pilot there and then with his pistol. The story of this engagement may be worth relating as typical of the many encounters at sea between the English and the French in those stirring days.

The "Hotspur" engaged, single-handed, three French gunboats and several forts. Owing to the pilot's treachery she had been almost run aground within easy range of the land fortifications, and was thus exposed to a cross-fire. The action was a hard-fought one, and lasted from six o'clock on a September evening until midnight.

Before going into action the ship's company was mustered, in order to ascertain that the men were ready and fit for the work before them. Only one man was missing, and he was subsequently brought up by his mess-mates in an intoxicated condition. My father

ordered the man to be placed inside the captain's galley, which had been hoisted up amidships, and there he was laid, nothing more being thought about him. During the heat of the action a voice was frequently heard announcing in what direction the French were firing, and where the "Hotspur's" shots fell short or wide of their mark. It was only when the violence of the fight abated, and the din and smoke diminished, that my father's repeated demands as to who the informant was could be answered, and it was discovered that the voice proceeded from the drunken man in the galley. When he was ordered down, it was found that he had been completely sobered when the action commenced, but that, true to discipline, he had not ventured to move from his position, whence he had been able to see much that was invisible to those on the deck below him. The galley in which he had been placed was riddled with shot, but he himself had escaped untouched. At the beginning of the action my father selected the two youngest boys on board to be his aides-de-camp, hoping thereby to keep them by his side on the poop. He chaffed them when they ducked their heads at the sound of the shot whizzing over them, and they soon became calm and steady.

At one moment he was obliged to send one of these lads to take charge of a gun on the quarter-deck, the firing of which was flagging, and the poor boy had barely reached the post which he was so proud to fill when a 24-pounder ball killed him instantly. The remaining little A.D.C., a young Hay, one of the Kinnoul Hays, my father was reluctantly compelled to send from his side on some errand, and, as he turned away to give an order to his first lieutenant, he heard a groan, and poor Hay fell, shot through the lungs. He was carried down below by the first lieutenant, and placed next to a marine

whose leg had to be amputated. This man, regardless of his own sufferings, supported the boy's head on his shoulder, and gave him all the water which had been brought to him. Hay lived an hour after he was struck, and just at the end he heard the cheering from the decks above which greeted the sinking of the French gunboats. With struggling breath he joined in it, giving a last faint hurrah for the honor of England, and so died. The bodies of the two boys were laid together, covered with a Union-Jack, at the door of the fore-cabin. On leaving the cabin next morning, my father found the flag partially removed, and the faces of the young heroes exposed. By their side were kneeling some old Frenchmen, praying over their bodies. These men had been taken prisoners from some coasting vessel the day before the action, and it seemed that the boys had been very kind to them. They said to my father, "Not all the injury you can do our countrymen will compensate you for the loss of such lives as these!"

My father told me that after the three gunboats had been sunk and the forts destroyed, the surgeon insisted on his going down to have some food, which he did. On sitting down at the table, however, he kicked something underneath it, and, stooping down to see what it might be, he saw a sight which effectually prevented him from having any desire to eat, for he had kicked a mass of amputated arms and legs.

After this engagement the "Hotspur" had to proceed at once to Portsmouth, for she had lost many men, and others were seriously wounded. The frigate herself was badly damaged. Her bulwarks were shot away, and she presented almost the appearance of a raft. During the anxious voyage home the men who had to undergo amputations at the surgeon's hands would not allow the latter to operate unless they

were previously assured that the captain would be present. They declared that if he were there they would undergo anything, and so, of course, my father made a point of acceding to their wishes, though to do so was a great trial to him.

When the "Hotspur" made her number at Spithead she had to be taken into harbor for repairs. Crowds lined the shores and cheered her all the way to her moorings, and the ships saluted her as she was towed slowly by in her damaged and battered condition. My father subsequently received the thanks of the Admiralty on his quarter-deck, but he always said that not all the honors accorded to the "Hotspur" could compensate him for the sorrow he felt at the death of young Hay.

The sword that Nelson gave my father, and a beautiful model of the "Hotspur"—which the carpenter on board carved with a penknife, losing his eyesight in the process—are now preserved at my son's place, Levens. With these are the Duke of Wellington's gloves which he wore at Waterloo, and which his sister-in-law, Lady Mornington, my husband's grandmother, took off his hands when he returned to Brussels after the battle. Lady Mornington was at Brussels with her daughter, Lady Fitzroy Somerset, who was daily expecting her confinement. Her old maid—a woman called Findlay, whom I recollect—could not be awakened when the sound of the firing at Waterloo was first heard, early in the morning of that eventful day. Lady Mornington went herself to her maid's room, and, when she had succeeded in rousing her, the maid said, "Is the Duke between us and the French, my lady?" On being told that he was, she replied quietly,

"Oh, then, my lady, I shall go to sleep again!" Lady Mornington told me that she took her daughter into the park at Brussels, hoping that she would not notice the sound of the cannon, as her husband, Lord Fitzroy Somerset—afterwards Lord Raglan—was at Waterloo, where he lost an arm. A French lady, however, rushed up to them and exclaimed to Lady Fitzroy, "*Mon Dieu, n'entendez vous pas les canons?*" Shortly afterwards the carts containing the wounded began to enter the city.

Lady Mornington was the Duke of Wellington's favorite sister-in-law.² She accompanied him to Paris after the battle of Waterloo. The Duke gave her the pen (a very bad and worn-out quill) with which he signed the capitulation of Paris, and this pen she gave to my husband. It was afterwards stolen from our house in Staffordshire. Lady Mornington lived to a great age. She and Lady Clarendon were twin-sisters, daughters of Admiral Forbes. Admiral Forbes refused to sign the verdict of the court-martial sentencing Admiral Byng to death. He always believed that a fog prevented Admiral Byng from seeing the French fleet, his neglect to pursue which caused him to be tried by court-martial and shot. On each anniversary of his execution Admiral Byng's family used to pay Lady Mornington a formal visit, all dressed in the deepest mourning, in grateful recollection of her father's testimony to their father's innocence of the charge which had been brought against him.

My uncle, Henry Percy, was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, and had the glorious task assigned to him of taking

² She was Lady Maryborough at that time (1815), wife of the Duke's eldest brother. Her eldest daughter, Lady Mary Wellesley, married the Hon. Charles Bagot, afterwards Sir Charles Bagot, G. C. B., Ambassador at Paris, St. Petersburg, &c., and Governor-General of Can-

ada. Sir Charles and Lady Mary Bagot's eldest son—the late Colonel Charles Bagot, for many years Assistant Master of the Ceremonies to her Majesty the Queen—married, in 1847, Sophy Louisa Percy, the authoress of these reminiscences.

home the despatches announcing the victory and the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon. He found Napoleon's cloak, left with his carriage on a mound near the battle-field. The cloak was too cumbersome to be taken away, so my uncle cut off the clasps, consisting of two large brass bees linked together by a serpent. This clasp and a book found in the carriage were left to me, and are also at Levens.

He left the Duchess of Richmond's ball the night before the battle, and had no time to change his dress, or even his shoes, before going into action. When he received orders to go to England with the despatches he posted to Antwerp, and there took the first sailing-boat he could find to convey him to Dover, where he landed in the afternoon. He found that a report of the victory had preceded him there. The Rothschilds had chartered a fast sloop to lie off Antwerp and bring the first news of the battle to the English shore—news which was to be used for Stock Exchange purposes.

My uncle's confirmation of the rumor of a great victory was received with the greatest relief and enthusiasm. At that time the hotel-keeper at Dover, a certain Mr. Wright, had the monopoly of the posting arrangements between that port and London. He immediately placed his best horses at my uncle's disposal, and despatched an express to order fresh relays all along the road. Besides the despatches my uncle took the two captured eagles of the Imperial Guard with him. These, being too large to go into the carriage, were placed so as to stick out of the windows, one on each side. In this manner he drove straight to the Horse Guards, where he learnt that the Commander-in-Chief, at that time the Duke of York, was dining out. He next proceeded to Lord Castlereagh's, and was told that he and the Duke of York were both dining with a lady in St. James'

square. To this house he drove, and there learned that the Prince Regent was also of the dinner-party.

Requesting to be shown immediately into the dining-room, he entered that apartment bearing the despatches and the Imperial eagles with him. He was covered with dust and mud, and, though unwounded himself, bore the marks of battle upon his coat. The dessert was being placed upon the table when he entered, and as soon as the Prince Regent saw him he commanded the ladies to leave the room. The Prince Regent then held out his hand, saying, "Welcome, *Colonel Percy*." "Go down on one knee," said the Duke of York to my uncle, "and kiss hands for the step which you have obtained." Before the despatch could be read my uncle was besieged with inquiries after various prominent officers engaged, and had to answer "dead" or "severely wounded" so often that the Prince Regent burst into tears. The Duke of York, though greatly moved, was more composed.

By this time my uncle was exhausted from fatigue, and begged the Prince's permission to go to his father's house in Portman square. The crowd was so great in St. James' square that he had the greatest difficulty in getting through it, and reaching my grandfather's house, which was soon surrounded by anxious multitudes begging for news of relatives and friends. My uncle told them that the victory was complete, but that the number of killed and wounded was very large. He told them that he would answer more questions next morning.

He said that the agony of suspense and grief which he witnessed made him insensible to the joy and triumph of the victory, and that he could only think of the awful price at which it had been gained.

Lady Mornington told me that when she went to see the Duke of Well-
ing-

ton after the battle of Waterloo, and congratulated him, he put his hands before his face and sobbed, saying, "Oh, don't congratulate me! I have lost all my best friends."

As Rear-Admiral, my father was appointed to the command of the Cape of Good Hope Station in 1841. We sailed from Portsmouth on board the "Winchester," my father's flagship. At that time the Brazils were included in the command of the Cape Station, and we spent some time in Rio Janeiro, where we were most hospitably entertained by the English Minister, Mr. Hamilton. We made many long riding excursions through beautiful tropical scenery and vegetation, the orchids and air plants being most wonderful. For a fortnight we rode all day and danced all night, and then left for the Cape of Good Hope, after vowing eternal friendship to many people at Rio whom we never saw again or heard of. We anchored in Simons Bay, and went to stay at Government House, with Sir George and Lady Napier, until the Admiralty House was ready for us.

Six months after this we went to Mauritius, to stay with the Governor, Sir William Gomm, and his wife. Port Louis in those days was very healthy, and we stayed both there and at Réduit, the Governor's country place. Mauritius was in my father's station, and the dinners and balls given for us were endless. The most interesting visit we paid was to an old French gentleman, a Monsieur Genève. He was over ninety, and had left France at the time of the Revolution. In manners, dress, and deportment he belonged to the *ancien régime*. He had a large property on the Black River, and when we arrived we were received by him and all his family under a large banyan-tree. There were *pavillons* or large huts, dotted about all over a big lawn—one for my father, another for my

sister and myself, and so on. The dining-room and drawing-room *pavillon* contained also Monsieur Genève's own rooms. In a large village near were all his emancipated slaves, who were devoted to him and his family.

At Bourbon, whither we went after leaving Mauritius, we were entertained by the French Admiral Bazoche, whom my father had fought in the old war. He showed us the greatest hospitality, and he and my father, when we were not riding about the island, used to sit together and spin war yarns all day. I was sometimes called on to interpret between them. He gave a large official dinner in our honor, and at the end of it stood up and proposed the Queen of England's health.

We were to have gone on to Madagascar, but the French officials gave my father so alarming an account of the fever which they declared was raging there, that he did not like to expose us to it; so, much to my disappointment, the intention was abandoned. I have since thought that even in those days (1842) the French were jealous of English men-of-war visiting Madagascar, and that the authorities had orders to prevent my father visiting the island, and therefore exaggerated the danger from fear of our doing so.

The next cruise we took in the "Winchester" was up the West Coast of Africa. H.M.S.S. "Sappho," "Thunderer," "Bittern," and "Conway" accompanied the flagship, and every evening the "Winchester" lay-to during dinner-time, and the captains of the ships dined with us.

After we left Benguela, the officer of the watch came down to the fore-cabin while we were at luncheon, and said to my father—

"A sail in sight, sir, with very raking masts—a slaver, probably."

"Make all sail and chase her," ordered the Admiral. An officer came

down to report at intervals how we were gaining upon the vessel. As we drew near her, a gun was fired from the "Winchester," which was answered by another from the slaver. Our boats were then ordered out—the cutters and a launch, fully armed. On seeing this, the slaver went about, and tried to run for the mouth of a river on the coast; but she was soon overtaken, and had to surrender. The following morning, her captain was brought on board the "Winchester," and my father saw him in the after-cabin. He was a handsome young Spaniard, and wore beautiful clothes, his coat being adorned with silver filigree buttons, and altogether he was clearly a great dandy. He and my father spoke together in Spanish, which I did not understand. He declared that the captain was not on board, and that he was merely the supercargo; but I believe that this subterfuge was always made.

I went on board the slave-vessel with my father. The captain's cabin was very smart. There were plenty of nice books in it, and every luxury, and his guitar, with blue ribbons tied to it, was lying upon a sofa. The slave-deck was a terrible sight, and I shall never forget it. The miserable creatures were crowded on it, doubled up, with their knees touching their chins. Twice a-day they were ordered to the upper-deck, for the sake of the fresh air, and to prevent them dying, which many tried to do in order to escape from their miseries. If they were unable to rise from their cramped position and walk, they were flogged unmercifully until they did so. This slaver was "condemned," and sent to Sierra Leone, and the slaves, of course, liberated. I remember hearing that if liberated slaves fell into the hands of the Boers at the Cape, they were so cruelly treated that they preferred their days of slavery, when they often found kind masters.

We had a black servant called "Jumbo." He was a Christian, and very intelligent, and we always heard that he had been a prince in his own country. He could recollect the agony of being torn from his home and sold in the Brazils as a slave. Whenever a slaver was condemned, Jumbo so far forgot his civilization as to dance his native war-dance and sing with joy. He came to England with us, but could not stand the cold, and, moreover, he was terrified when he saw the steam of his breath on a cold day, because he thought his inside must be on fire! We sent him back to the Cape of Good Hope to Admiral Dacres, who succeeded my father at Simons Bay, and were very sorry to part with him.

Sir James Ross and Captain Crozier, in H.M.S.S. "Erebus" and "Terror," anchored in Simons Bay on their way home to England from their Antarctic explorations. My father asked them to stay at the Admiralty House while they were there, and they remained some time with us.

Sir James Ross and Captain Crozier were the dearest of friends, attached to each other by their mutual tastes, and by the dangers and hardships they had shared. Their hands shook so much that they could scarcely hold a glass or a cup. Sir James Ross took me in to dinner one evening, and said: "You see how our hands shake? One night in the Antarctic Circle did that for us both. There was a heavy sea running, and a fearful gale. Icebergs were all round us, and in front of us a wall of ice, for a rent in which we knew we must steer in order to find the passage through it. It was a pitch dark night, and we could only guess where the gap in the ice-wall was by seeing one part look blacker than the rest. Both "Erebus" and "Terror" steered for the blackest bit. We could not see each other for a long time, and each of

us thought we had run the other down."

Sir James told me that this episode had shaken their nerves more than any other peril of that perilous voyage. Captain Crozier told me that on neither of their ships had any one been ailing, but at Simons Bay many of them fell ill, and suffered terribly from the heat, though it was winter at the time of their visit.

After our return to England, my father was subsequently made Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, which post he held till 1854. In the meantime I had married, and my naval experiences came to an end.

I well recollect Talleyrand. On one occasion, Lord Westminster gave what was then called a breakfast, at Moor Park. King William IV. and Queen Adelaide were there, and the Corps Diplomatique came down from London to it. We children were sent to play in the garden while the party were at luncheon, and were ill-mannered enough to flatten our noses against the dining-room windows to see what was going on inside.

The King saw us, and asked my father whose children we were, and, to his annoyance, he had to reply that we were his own. The King sent for my brother and myself, and kept us beside him, giving us ices and fruit, and was extremely kind to us. My father told me to look well at M. de Talleyrand, who was sitting opposite, as when I grew older I should read a great deal about him. He was deadly pale, and looked like a death's head. I also well remember Madame de Gontaut at The Grove, Lord Clarendon's place. She was a most amiable and amusing old lady.

I was present with my mother at the Queen's coronation in Westminster Abbey. We had to be in our places in

the Abbey in low dresses, at four o'clock in the morning. I "came out" at the ball given at Stafford House on the night of the Queen's marriage, and danced with old Lord Huntly, who made a point of dancing with every *débutante* because he had danced with Marie Antoinette!

In the summer of 1847 my husband and I stayed in Grosvenor square with his grandmother, Lady Mornington. In order that I might make acquaintance with the Wellesley family. My mother-in-law, Lady Mary Bagot, Lady Mornington's daughter, was dead, but while we were there the Duke of Wellington, Gerald Wellesley, who became Dean of Windsor, and Lord Cowley, our ambassador in Paris, were frequent visitors in the house. Having been brought up by my father to think of the Duke of Wellington as the greatest man living, or who ever lived, I naturally felt very shy of him.

Lady Westmorland, my husband's aunt, asked me one night to go with her to her box at the opera, as my husband was on guard that night. The Duke came with us, and Lady Westmorland told him that I was very frightened of him, so he took my hand and held it throughout the first act of the opera, which only made me still more shy! However, my fear of him soon passed, and I asked him for a piece of his hair, and also for some of that of his famous charger, "Copenhagen," the horse he rode at Waterloo. Lady Mornington had already given me some of his hair as a young man, and next morning his valet brought me a packet containing his hair as an old man, and some cut off "Copenhagen's" mane. This hair, and the horse's, are set in the frame of a miniature (now at Levens) of the Duke, which he gave to Lady Mornington when he went to India as Sir Arthur Wellesley. He was at that time so "hard up" that Lady

Mornington gave him his socks, and, indeed, most of his outfit.

The Duke of Wellington said that when he received the report at Brussels, on the night of the 15th June, that the French had driven back the Prussians and advanced to Quatre-Bras (thirty-six miles in one day, thirty miles of which were fought), he looked at the map, and would not believe it possible.

The Duke told Lady Mornington: "I have taken a good deal of pains with many of my battles, but I never took half the pains I did at Waterloo. By God! there never was such a battle. One hundred and fifty thousand men *hors de combat*. Blucher lost 30,000—I can account for 20,000, and the French loss may be fairly reckoned at 100,000 more."

General Arthur Upton (born 1777) asked the Duke what he should have done had the Prussians not come up in time. The Duke replied: "The Prussians were of the greatest use in the pursuit. If they had not come up in time, what should we have done? Why, we should have held our ground. That is what we should have done. Our army was drawn up into a great many squares, with the cavalry riding among them. I saw it was necessary to present a length of front to the enemy, so I made them fall into line, four deep. That manœuvre won the battle: it was never tried before."

After the pursuit of the French army to Genappe the Duke of Wellington and my uncle Henry Percy returned to Waterloo. The Duke was very low, and said to my uncle: "I believe that you are the only one of my A.D.C.'s left." My uncle replied, "But we ought to be thankful, sir, that you are safe!"

"The finger of God was upon me all day—nothing else could have saved me," was the Duke's answer.

My uncle replied that he had feared

that the Duke was a prisoner when he had got amongst the French.

"I got away through the 95th Regiment three times during the battle," said the Duke.

Sir Peregrine Maitland told me that he had such a raging toothache during the battle of Waterloo, that he never knew how he got out of the wood in which the Guards lost so many of their officers and men, and that he could tell me absolutely nothing about the battle. His wife was the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, a daughter of the Duke of Richmond. It was a runaway match, and the Duchess, who was furious at the marriage, had the bad taste when speaking of her daughter to call her "Barrack Sall!"

Sir Peregrine told me that the enthusiasm for the Allied Armies after they entered Paris was immense, and that the fickle Parisian mobs made themselves hoarse with shouting "*Vive nos amis les ennemis!*"

Before Louis XVIII. was obliged to fly from Paris, the 19th March, 1815, he sent for Fouché and wished him to take the department of the Police. Fouché informed the King that it was too late, and frankly told him his reasons for thinking so.

M. Blacas, who was present, twice interrupted him by saying, "Monsieur Fouché, you forget that you are speaking to the King."

Fouché, indignant at being interrupted, turned upon Blacas, and retorted: "Monsieur Blacas, your impertinence compels me to tell his Majesty that you were fourteen years in my pay as a spy upon him when he was in England!"

The King burst into tears, and broke up the conference.

When Talleyrand returned from the Congress, the Duc de Berry persuaded the King to dismiss him, and at his first audience with Louis XVIII. the King

was markedly cold to the great Minister. Talleyrand demanded an explanation, and was informed that he was no longer in the King's confidence.

Talleyrand went privately to the Duke of Wellington, with the result that the Duke told the King that the only condition upon which he would support his Majesty's interests was that M. de Talleyrand should be retained in office.

The following is from a letter of my uncle, Lord Charles Percy, dated Paris, 8th July, 1815:—

"Lord Wellington decided to enter Paris yesterday. I *believe* none of the Prussians knew of it; I am *sure* none of his A.D.C.'s did. They, poor souls, were left in a state of edifying ignorance of all his measures, even of those of the least importance, so much so that when we left headquarters upon our respective horses, not one of the company, except the Lord Paramount, knew how he was to enter it [Paris]—whether in state or not, and if there was to be a review previously.

"The result was that he rode into Paris, followed by his suite, without demonstration of any kind, nor were there twenty people assembled. His house is situated at the extremity of the Champs Elysées and the Place Louis Quinze, therefore, before any rumor could reach the inhabitants, he was safely housed. The tricolor flag continued to fly over the Tulleries, the Invalides, and the Place Vendôme, and the Corps Législatif continued their sittings under the accursed ensign as if the city had not capitulated and they were still masters of their own proceedings.

"Twenty thousand Prussians marched immediately into the town, and the boulevards were crowded to see the sight; but no feeling was discoverable. The English troops are encamped in the Bois de Boulogne and have possession of the Barriers; but are not to take

up their quarters at all within the walls of Paris."

Extracts from Lord Charles Percy's Journal.

"On Thursday, the 2nd May, 1816, I received an order from Lord Hertford to command my attendance at Carlton House, to be present at the marriage of H.R.H. Princess Charlotte Augusta to the Prince of Coburg at 8, or between 8 and 9 o'clock P.M.

"Accordingly, at half-past eight o'clock I reached Carlton House. Pall Mall was pretty full of people; guard of honor in the courtyard, &c.

"I was conducted through the great hall to a room in which were the foreigners, great officers, &c., and in a few minutes Princess Charlotte's old and new establishment were ordered into the room, where the Queen's attendants were. Loud cheering announced the arrival of Prince Leopold, and in about a quarter of an hour we all moved forward to be present at the ceremony.

"The Queen and the Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, and Sophia of Gloucester were led out into the room appropriated for the ceremony, and there was, of course, considerable crowding after them.

"When I got into the ballroom I went round behind the Queen and Royal Family. The Queen sat on a sofa to the left of the altar, the Princesses in a row on her right, the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Kent opposite.

"The company stood in an elongated semicircle the whole length of the room. The Prince Regent stood in front of the altar, a little to the right. When everybody was settled in their place, the Lord Chamberlain returned to the closet and brought forward Prince Leopold dressed as a full general. He walked up to the altar, bowed to the Prince, Queen, and Royal Family, and looked a little distressed. The

Lord Chamberlain then returned for Princess Charlotte, and every eye was fixed on the door in silence. She came forward, neither looking to the right nor to the left, dressed in white tissue, with diamonds round her head, and no feathers. The Prince Regent led her up to the altar and pressed her hand affectionately; she betrayed no other emotion than blushing deeply. The Archbishop of Canterbury commenced the service, which he read distinctly, though somewhat tremulously, and Princess Charlotte was very attentive to the service, repeating the prayers to herself after him.

"When he addressed himself to Prince Leopold, 'Will you take this woman, Charlotte, to be your wedded wife?' the Prince answered in a low voice. When he addressed a similar question to Princess Charlotte, she answered, '*I will*,' very decidedly, and in rather too loud a voice. She looked very handsome, and her manner was resolute and dignified, without being bold.

"Immediately after the service she threw herself upon her knees, and seized the Prince Regent's hand, kissing it with every appearance of affection and gratitude. He, in return, kissed her on the forehead and raised her up. She then kissed the Queen's hand, and then the Princesses on the cheek. She kissed Princess Mary repeatedly, and said to her, 'You are a dear, good creature, and I love you very much!' She shook hands with the ladies who came up to congratulate her, saying to them, 'Did I not behave well? could you hear all my answers?'

"The signatures then took place, by the Queen and the Royal Family, the Officers of State, &c. This was a tedious business, and after it was over the Royalties returned into the closet. The procession of Royalties closed with the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Coburg, who received the congratu-

lations of the company as they passed. Mr. Disbrowe summoned me to the closet, where Princess Charlotte presented me to the Queen, and I kissed hands.

"Princess Charlotte and her husband left the house and drove through the parks to Oatlands Park. I ought to have been there to hand H.R.H. into the carriage, but I did not know that I had to do so, and therefore was absent. After the departure a circle was made, and the Queen went round with the Prince Regent.

"The Queen then played at cards. The Princesses sat in different rooms, and ices, tea, and bridecake were liberally dispensed. About one o'clock the Royal Family returned to Buckingham House, and the Prince kept some of the Ministers and household to supper.

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"November the 6th was a heavy day in these kingdoms. Princess Charlotte died at 2 A.M., after being delivered of a still-born son at 9 the previous evening, and having got through her labor favorably. The calamity was first announced to Lord Bathurst and the Duke of York, who were nearest to Claremont. The Duke and Lord Bathurst met at York House, and at once proceeded to Carlton House, having first of all sent an express thither to prepare the Prince Regent. When they arrived at Carlton House they found that the Prince, who had been absent, had already arrived, and was lying down, having missed the messenger on the road. Finding no tidings awaiting him at Carlton House, the Prince had sent to the Home Office, and there learned that Princess Charlotte had been delivered of a still-born son, but was going on very favorably. Bloomfield was immediately summoned, and told to communicate the deplorable event to the Prince. This he refused to do, saying that he thought it would

kill him. The Duke of York therefore told him to go into the Prince's room and announce to him his and Lord Bathurst's arrival from Claremont, intending thereby to alarm him and in some manner prepare him for the intelligence. The message, unhappily, had no such effect, and when they entered his room the Prince said, 'It is a sad disappointment to me, and will be so to the country, but, thank God, my daughter is doing very well.'

"A long pause succeeded his words, and then Lord Bathurst said, 'Sir, I am sorry to say our news is bad.'

"'What is it?' asked the Prince. 'I command you to tell me instantly the whole extent of my misfortune.' They then announced the death, and the Prince remained for some minutes aghast and speechless, holding his hands to his head. He then rose and fell into the Duke of York's arms, weeping bitterly.

"Lord Bathurst and the Duke of York afterwards returned to Claremont, where they found Prince Leopold as composed as he could be in his broken-hearted state.

"When Sir Richard Croft announced to Princess Charlotte that her child was still-born, she said, 'I am satisfied. God's will be done!'

"The Prince of Coburg is overwhelmed by his bereavement. He follows the wheeltracks of the carriage in which they last drove together. He was much shocked at her embalment, which was unexpected, and having got into the room unobserved with the coffin, was found on his knees almost senseless.

"I went yesterday (November 18) down to Windsor to be present at the funeral of Princess Charlotte with the Lord-Steward, Lord Cholmondeley, and Sir William Keppel. The whole road from London was covered with carriages, caravans, horsemen, and pedestrians, all hurrying to Windsor. We

reached the Queen's lodge, ready dressed, at about a quarter before four. There appeared to be no assembling-room prepared, but two or three diners. I went through the garden to the Lower Lodge, where were the Prince of Coburg and his attendants, and also those of the late Princess. In the garden I met the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland, returning from paying Prince Leopold a visit. On reaching the Lodge I received a paper of instructions, ticket, scarf, and hatband of crape. I remained at the Lodge and dined with Baron Hasdenbrock, Colonels Addenbroke and Gardiner, Sir Robert Gardiner, and Dr. Short.

"Before dinner the Prince of Coburg retired into the room where the coffin was. His dinner was sent from our table, so was also that of Lady John Thynne and Mrs. Campbell. During dinner Prince Leopold sent down for some woodcock.

"After dinner I wished to go into the room where the coffin was, but the Prince had again gone to it.

"About a quarter past seven a royal carriage conveyed Baron Hasdenbrock, Sir Robert Gardiner, and myself to the cloister door. We had to wait at least an hour, and there was a good deal of talking, which was the reason, I suppose, why I found the ceremony so little affecting.

"Prince Leopold and the ladies walked, supported by the Dukes of York and Clarence, after the coffin. The Prince was crying, and his lips quivered violently. They sat down on three chairs, covered with black velvet, in front of the altar. The service was very badly performed by the Dean of Windsor, who, when he left his stall, instead of going up to the coffin, read the service over the heads of the chief mourners and supporters. He also read the prayers consigning the body to the dust before it was lowered into the grave. Then followed some sing-

ing, also ill performed. It was like a stage burial, as the coffin seemed to be lowered down through a trap-door, and no dust was cast upon it.

"The ceremony concluded by Sir Isaac Heard, the Garter King-at-Arms, in his full robes, a very old man, rehearsing her style, &c. This he did in a very feeling manner, and was so overcome that he dropped into the arms of the persons behind him at the conclusion. Prince Leopold then retired, giving orders that the vault should be left open in order that he might pay a last farewell to the coffin. The rest of the assembly then dispersed pell-mell, having first crowded round the vault and cast a sorrowing look at the coffin deposited in its final receptacle.

"It is singular that the troops presented instead of grounding their arms. Hasdenbrock, by Prince Leopold's command, wrote to Bloomfield to beg that the Prince Regent would order a vacant place to be left by Princess Charlotte's coffin for his own, which was done."²

No one who did not live in the days of the passing of the Reform Bill can imagine the excitement which it produced in the country.

My uncle Hugh (the Duke of Northumberland) wrote to my father to ask him if he would come with all his family to Alnwick from Scotsbridge, our house in Hertfordshire, saying that the castle could be armed and provisioned if a revolution broke out. My father, however, did not take so alarming a view of the situation. After the bill was passed, Rickmansworth, the little town near us, was illuminated. Only

Scotsbridge and the vicarage were not so. The mob forced their way into the backyard of Scotsbridge, saying that if my father would not illuminate they would break all the windows and enter the house.

My father loaded his revolver, and sent out word that he would shoot the first man dead who crossed the threshold of a door that led into the hall, where we were all assembled.

The message had a salutary effect, and after breaking some windows the mob withdrew to the vicarage and ordered the vicar to illuminate, and to give them the keys of the church in order that they might ring the bells. The poor vicar was so frightened that he ran up to his bedroom, whence he threw the keys out of the window, and soon he heard a merry peal of bells.

Speaking of family anecdotes, my father told me that in his grandfather's time a trunk, evidently made to fit into a carriage, was found in a lumber-room at Alnwick Castle. On being opened, it was discovered to be filled with gold pieces. Nobody alive knew how it came to be so, and it was supposed to have been prepared for some journey which had to be suddenly abandoned, and that it had been totally forgotten. Some robbers broke into Northumberland House, intending to carry off the plate. They had penetrated into the plate-room, and were about to depart with their booty, when one of them happened to touch an old silver doll which had a clock-work mechanism inside it, and it began to walk. The thieves were so terrified that they fled, leaving everything behind them. The doll is at Alnwick, and still, I believe, walks.

Mrs. Charles Bagot.

² As Prince Leopold became King of the Belgians, this, of course, was not ultimately carried into effect.

A FRENCH COURTSHIP.*

IV.

I am not contented with myself. I have had to-day wandering thoughts in church. At St. Philip's on Sunday there are two masses after breakfast. One is at half-past twelve, the other at one. We generally go to the one at half-past twelve. My mother and myself always take the same places, toward the middle of the nave near the pulpit. My brother Gaston, although he accompanies us to the church door, never comes near us. He sits before us, or behind us, as if he were ashamed to be pious with his family. I have noticed that the other young men, brothers of my friends, do the same way. They prefer to pray off by themselves, without the aid of any one, and especially without prayer books. They seem to think it childish to follow the prayer in a book. No, it would not be "*chic*," as they call it, so they sit there upright, in their handsome overcoats, their arms folded in the style of Napoleon I. I don't feel as they do. I always follow the service in my prayer book from beginning to end. I love it; it was given to me by mama at my first communion, and I have read the prayers so often I know them by heart. I can turn at once to any prayer I want. I know there is a stain on page thirty-two, where I pressed a violet that I plucked in Brittany near one of the stations of the cross. There is a spot of ink on the "Kyrie Eleison" and the corner of the "Offertoire" is torn. In short it is full of souvenirs of the past. Among these pictures that memory brings are some framed in black. They are of little companions whom I loved, gay little creatures with

whom I played and danced. They died while they were children. They never lived to grow up and marry. Ah, the dear book! This half-hour of the mass is one of the sweetest times in the whole week. I adore churches. When I was only six years old I preferred them to the Parc Monceaux or the Champs Elysées. I feel the impression of calm, of reflection and repose more intensely each time. I enjoy the delightful silence, and the mysterious sound, the solemn and ancient music that resounds through the arches. I think elevated thoughts, which even in passing through my poor little head give me joy. All the time I am there this mortal life seems brightened, illuminated as if I looked at it through a church window. My every-day life seems arrested for a little, while God speaks to me. All this I know is not true piety. When mama is kneeling and I see her lips moving in prayer, I feel that she is a real Christian, and her faith is far superior to my dreams and reveries. Still I am happy that I feel even as much as I do, for surely that is better than nothing. I am certain I could never marry a man who would forbid me to go to church, and I would be glad to have my husband accompany me as often as possible.

On this morning I suddenly saw Jean sitting at a short distance from us. I was delighted to see him there. I knew St. Philip's was not his parish church, and I thought he had come intentionally at the same hour with us, to reassure me on the subject of his religious sentiments. From that moment my thoughts began to wander. I found it impossible to continue to read. My thoughts would stray to Jean. He looked very dignified, his head erect, his hands crossed on the top of his cane

* Translated for The Living Age by Helen W. Pierson.

and his eyes fixed on the altar. He rose and sat down as the others. Suddenly a vexing question tormented me: "Of what was Jean thinking with that correct and impenetrable countenance? Of what was my brother thinking a few steps from him?" Evidently they were not praying; they were far away in thought. And a real melancholy came upon me. I had never till this moment comprehended the hypocrisy that distinguishes the majority of young men. They perform the formalities of religion without having any real religious feeling. They come to the mass, a flower in their button-hole, sit decorously, bow to their friends right and left at the church door, and that is all. Some of the young men bring their lorgnettes with them and discreetly use them when it is safe to do so. Why are men so indifferent to their duty? I am sure my brother rises and retires without even making the sign of the cross. Papa, my dear papa, seldom comes to the mass. I know he is very busy, but if he wished to come he could find the time, especially Sundays, when he does not go to the office. Still papa must have some faith, or my mama would never have married him. He has brought us up in a Christian way and he never allows any one to attack Christianity in his presence. He gives a great deal of money to charity, and I believe he is as good and true as any priest. So can one then act as a Christian without being one? I must stop, for if I go on I shall be sitting in judgment on my my relatives, and I have no right to do that.

All this is rather terrifying. It is too much for me; and after all am I not tormenting myself uselessly on Jean's account? I remember the Abbé Maximin wrote, "The young man is a believer."

So the worst that could happen would be that he might be like papa about religious matters. Another reason why

I have been inattentive to-day is because I have been constantly saying to myself: "This is the church where you will be married. There is the place where you will stand before the altar in your white gown, and Jean will be at your side in black. There will be a greater crowd than there is at this mass." I closed my eyes, but I could still see the whole scene, the flowers, the friends, the two Swiss guards in their fine costumes. Ah! that will be the most important and wonderful day of my life. I shiver only to think of it. I envy those who can get married in some little chapel with no spectators—just the priest and themselves. Ah! that would be charming, with just a little clandestine and mysterious air about it, as if one were marrying in an epoch of danger, in the time of a revolution. To-day one cannot take a husband without all Paris being invited.

I was lost in these reflections, when a voice startled me: "For the poor of the parish, if you please." I opened my eyes. It was Edmond, the tall, thin Swiss, with the alms basin. I dropped ten sous in it. Then came another voice, soft and low: "For the support of the church, if you please." When they approached Jean I saw he gave to both, just as I did, and that is very meritorious in a young man!

V.

Have I the strength to write what has happened to-day? Oh! I must, for it suffocates me! But I must write very fast, without choosing my words. I feel that if I stopped one moment I should begin to weep, and then I could not go on.

Yesterday, on leaving me, Jean said: "Mlle. Therese, I am very sorry and annoyed, but it will be impossible for me to come to-morrow."

Without giving me time to speak, he went on: "One of my intimate friends.

a college mate, lives at Versailles. He writes that he is in trouble and begs me to do him a service. He wants me to spend to-morrow with him, when he will disclose his embarrassment. Don't you think I should go?"

"Most certainly," I said at once; and he thanked me. He expressed great regret at being deprived of the great pleasure of my company for the next twenty-four hours. He pressed my hand in parting with greater warmth than ever. That was yesterday.

This morning after breakfast some one happened to mention the Garde Meublé. I do not know how it came up. I said I had never visited them, but they must be a fine sight.

"Magnificent," said papa. "Why don't you go to-day with your mother? That would make a fine excursion."

"Oh, I'm too fatigued," said mama. "She can go with Henriette."

So it was arranged. Henriette grumbled, as usual, when she was told, but she was delighted at heart, and we started forth.

It was a clear day, with a high wind, just like a sea breeze. We crossed the Champs Elysées and went over the bridge to the Quay D'Orsay. I had never been there, and it seemed like going into the country. There was a long promenade with enormous trees on either side, great houses that looked deserted and not a soul to be seen. I could not have imagined such a lovely spot near Paris.

And now I have to write something which costs me dear. In reading what I have written I see that I have lingered, evaded, done all that was possible to retard telling what I would give a great deal never to have seen. We were walking through the vast deserted *allée*, and Henriette was telling me some story of that quarter, where she said she would not live "*for an empire*," when I noticed about sixty feet from us, leaning against the parapet, a man

and a woman. They were both young and she leaned on his arm.

I could not see their faces at first. The woman was tall, slender and blonde; the man of medium height.

In spite of myself I thought, "It's curious, but his figure is like Jean's."

At that moment he moved, he turned around. *It was Jean!*

Ah! without doubt they believed themselves entirely alone. They talked with as much tranquillity as if they had been in a *boudoir*. They walked on slowly. It seemed to me I must be dreaming that they were phantoms. All at once the woman took her hand from Jean's arm, and burying her face in her handkerchief, began to weep. She walked on still weeping. The wind, more furious than ever, tossed about the branches of the great trees, and seemed to wall around us.

I do not know how I managed not to utter any word or exclamation. Somehow, though I was so astounded and overcome, I still felt that this was something that required great calmness and presence of mind. Whenever I have had terrifying thoughts, such as that papa and mama must die some day, I have felt the same icy chill freeze my blood.

Henriette is fortunately near-sighted, and she saw nothing.

I made her turn suddenly, saying I was cold. She grumbled, "That's the way. I wanted you to bring a warm wrap. Now you'll have a chill." I did not speak, but hurried her on as fast possible. I did not dare to look back once. I would have been glad to have run, and I wished the distance twice as long. I was in such a state of excitement that I would have been glad to have walked many miles before going home. But, whatever the distance, I saw them always, those two! They were clearly pictured before me: she weeping, her handkerchief pressed to her eyes; and he, my betrothed, talking

to her, shaking his head as one who reprimands or gives moral advice. Now what did all this mean? Why had he lied to me? Who was this woman? I have been asking myself these questions ever since, and I do not find any answer, or at least I do not find any that satisfies me. Certainly he has done something wrong, since he lied about it and concealed it. Still it seems too monstrous to think that Jean is guilty. I cannot help excusing him and defending him, even against my own suspicions.

But I ought to understand the truth. It seems to me this is my right. Who was this woman? Not a relative, probably a friend, a person he knows. But what kind of a friend? Is it some one he loves, or whom he has loved? Oh, no, no! But he seemed to try and console her, and one only consoles the people one loves. And why did she weep? What was her sorrow? And why did they have a *rendezvous* in that deserted place?

One thing is certain: the woman who was so agitated was not indifferent to Jean. Although I saw them but a moment it seemed to me that their attitude was at the same time intimate and embarrassed. There was some affection between them, there is no doubt of that. Then I thought, he does not love me alone. He has said to this other woman the same tender words he has said to me. He has looked at her with the same loving glances; perhaps he has even given her a ring like mine!

Oh, what nonsense, what abominable nonsense I write! For such a trifle, for something that may be explained quite naturally, should I suspect a man who has chosen me, whom I have accepted and who will be my husband in fifteen days? Still I am troubled, miserable, but I have said nothing at home. I have been careful not to speak, lest something irreparable should come of it.

It seems to me that silence is best. It must be that I love Jean a little; since I tremble at the thought of my parents knowing anything compromising about him, which might possibly hinder our wedding. What a terrible thing if such a catastrophe should occur when I have gone through so much and all is arranged. Oh! I have done well to be silent, although if I must absolutely speak to some one, there is my brother. Gaston is not very serious and he is two years younger, but he seems older in many respects. He has more knowledge of the world, and of young men especially. Decidedly, I think I will confide in him, and he will tell me his ideas. But I wish I had seen the face of that woman. She is capable of being pretty—the wretch!

VI.

This morning I told everything to Gaston! When I went into his room at nine o'clock he was just ready to take his dally ride on horseback. He was sitting with his law books around him on the table, for he is working hard for his first examination.

"Good morning," he said; "you see I'm pegging away at the law. I'd rather be on horseback."

I leaned over to kiss him and I upset one of the great books. Under it was a novel of Guy de Maupassant wide open. This author is not forbidden to Gaston.

"Well," he said, laughing, "I have to glance at that once in a while or I should be snoring. But don't speak of it to papa. And what brings you here?"

"I wanted to speak to you alone, only you must promise to keep it a secret!"

"I swear it; what's the matter?"

He left the table quickly and seated himself on the edge of the bed. He fixed his eyes on me with an eager and curious gaze, and I felt that he was not a discreet person to confide in. I grew

all at once frightened, paralyzed; I regretted my coming and saying so much. I tried to reassure myself, to think of other things as I gazed distractedly about the room.

I must confess right here that my brother's room has often given me a vague uneasiness which I can hardly explain, but which I have felt. I never feel at ease there as I do in my own room. I seem to be in some forbidden place, where the furniture, and the cupboards, which are always locked, conceal a little mystery. There is a penetrating odor of tobacco in the room. The whips, the books and papers, the cards of the races, all speak to me of a life different from mine; and when Gaston opens and shuts a drawer quickly there are glimpses of photographs of which he never says a word. Even on ordinary days this makes me a little nervous, but this morning it was much worse, and I truly passed some very disagreeable moments before commencing my story.

At last I took courage and told him all. I pictured to him my seeing the young woman and Jean in that deserted place, and my astonishment, sorrow and anguish. I told it rapidly, in a low voice, pell-mell, not daring to stop. While Gaston listened I could read his impressions without great difficulty, and he did not seem in the least indignant. He seemed in reality to follow my story with an eager relish, with shining eyes, and a sort of secret glee. I interested him; I might almost say I amused him. At least it is certain that he did not look distressed, and he forgot to say the least word of pity or sympathy.

When I finished with an "Ah, well," accompanied by a great sigh, he jumped up, exclaiming, "And is this all? Ah! my poor little sister, you are not in the least *fin-de-siècle*!" He strode through the room with long steps, his head erect, and his arms raised as if

taking the very ceiling to witness my poor little childish nature, so foolish and timid.

"What! torment yourself about *that*?"

I was dumbfounded at his attitude.

"You don't expect me to be joyful, do you?" I faltered. "Jean lied to me! He told me he was going to Versailles to see a friend—"

"And I think he would have done jolly well to have gone there," interrupted my brother. "Ah! he was not adroit!"

"Why do you say he was not adroit?"

"Because, my dear, it was not adroit to say one thing and do another, and then get pinched."

"Pinched! From your employing such a word you show that you believe him guilty, you too! Tell me candidly what you think. It will be a secret between us two. It was something wrong, was it not? Tell me the worst! I shall suffer, but it is better to know the worst!"

"You are crazy, Therese! There is nothing to alarm you! Why do you think he is a criminal because he takes a promenade on the banks of a river with some one else?"

"With some one who weeps!"

"All the better! That proves that Jean did not go there for his own pleasure."

"Oh! you can offer excuses, but that does not make it more natural. When you remember we are to be married in eight days, don't you think this alarming?"

"Not the least in the world!"

"Listen, Gaston," I said very seriously, taking his hand, "you will confess that I am not a fool?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Ah, well, do not laugh! I know I am a young girl, ignorant of many things that others know and which you comprehend, but I have a little instinct that tells me from time to time 'Here! this is not clear, open your eyes, The-

rese. There, that appears false; pay attention!"

Gaston was visibly annoyed at the turn our interview had taken. He tried to joke. "Bravo for your little instinct! I make it my compliments. You must lend it to me. It will be handy in the evening when I play cards!"

But he could not change the course of my thoughts.

"I feel—do you hear?—I feel with a very strong conviction that this woman is one of those persons—"

"Well, go on."

"One of those persons who are not proper. One alludes to them in a guarded way sometimes, and they are seen abroad in the most beautiful carriages elegantly dressed. It is impressed upon me that this was one of those persons."

"But, no, my dear." Gaston drew me to him and seated me on his knee as I asked, "Then, candidly, what do you think? That the woman was like me—a young girl?"

"No! evidently."

"I thought that as soon as I saw her; if her relations let her go out alone that seems to stamp her. What do you think of her, Gaston?"

"Eh, well," he said, hesitating; "she's a person emancipated, a comrade."

"What kind of a comrade?"

"I'll try and make you understand. Have you never been struck with the way young people are brought up, the sexes separate, in our circle? The young girls do not know the young men, and *vice versa*. They never see each other in their daily occupations. Till the girls are eighteen they turn their back on the young men, so to speak. They notice them at intervals, no more."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, there are the visits, and the vacations in the country, and the seashore! Have not young people hundreds of opportunities of meeting and studying each other?"

"No; these are only occasional, not sufficient."

"Then there are balls?"

"Oh, balls!" he burst out in a derisive laugh. "Balls, do you say? In the first place they come too late, much too late in life. Besides, a ball is the one place where a person loses all individuality. All the young men in the place are dressed physically and mentally after the same pattern, and the young girls also. They resemble each other, they play the same rôle, they use the same expressions. One might imagine that each person, in putting on full dress, had renounced for the time all individuality. They have become merely puppets in a show, all worked by the same strings. What is the result? They despise each other mentally. What is needed is that young people should be brought up together, that they should meet often informally, not merely at receptions and festivals gotten up expressly for them. They should mingle in their homes with their parents, like good comrades, like regular chums."

I interrupted him at this point. "You are wandering from the subject," I said; "you were going to explain—"

"I am not wandering," he replied; "I am arriving at the point that will interest you. The young men, then, do not see enough of the young girls. The society of women, of young and gay women, is necessary to them; you can imagine that? Then it happens, sometimes, when they are bored with this state of things, that they meet other women, who have more freedom, with whom they can talk and walk, and make parties of pleasure."

"I understand," I could not help saying, "a kind of French-Americans."

"Not precisely," he said, "but they are unconventional comrades, good fellows, as you might say."

I wished to profit by my opportunity to instruct myself, so I asked my brother many questions.

"But these women, to be mistress of their time and clothes, so independent, they can have no father or mother?"

"Oftentimes not," he answered, "but that makes no difference."

"Are there many of this sort of women in Paris?"

"Oh,—some."

"Do you know any?"

"No; but I have friends who know them."

"Are they pretty?"

"Very often."

"And intelligent?"

"When they are homely."

"Ah, well, it must be for one of these women that I hear from time to time that some young man has ruined himself."

"Yes, that happens sometimes."

"I think I understand. These are the women that no young girl or young married woman could receive at her home."

"Exactly, my dear! For this reason it is customary for a young man who is about to be married to break off all relations with them."

"Is that true? Can you assure me that this is the custom?"

"Upon my sacred honor; and you can readily understand that when one bids *adieu* for the last time it is not exactly—cheerful."

I did not let him finish. "Oh! I can understand that they do not enjoy it; but then if they are so fond of amusement, they ought to be good natured, and they can readily forget."

He did not answer.

And while we both remained silent I thought of many things. I could no longer feel very angry at Jean for having known this woman. His life till now had not been very gay alone with his father.

Just then the servant came in to say Gaston's horse was saddled, and I watched him mount and ride away.

VII.

Since the incident on the Quay D'Orsay Jean is not the same. I feel that he has a secret trouble. As our interviews become more frequent and intimate on account of our approaching marriage, he has a very worried and disturbed appearance. Sometimes he stops in the middle of a sentence, and his glance often seems to evade mine. More than once I have wished to question him, and the foolish desire makes my heart beat. I never would dare! What could I say? Only this evening, when we were in mama's room looking at the wedding presents which have begun to come, he seized me by the hands and drew me down in a seat beside him.

"Therese!" he cried in an agitated voice, "you are no longer the same with me. Something troubles you; you seem restless and distressed."

"Oh, no!"

"Don't deny it! When you speak to me you often stop in the middle of a sentence without finishing it, and when I look you in the eyes you turn away."

Imagine hearing him reproach me with exactly the same peculiarities I have observed in him! I was so astounded I could not answer.

He insisted. "You have some secret trouble! You must tell me! Have I hurt your feelings in any way? Have I offended you? Is there anything about me that displeases you? Speak, I implore you!"

At each of his questions I shook my head, not wishing to say "yes" or "no," and feeling very much embarrassed.

He leaned so near that his face nearly touched mine, and I could see his clear eyes, as tranquil as eyes that have nothing to conceal, fixed upon me.

I gazed into those eyes as if I would read the heart of Jean and discover whether I was his only love. I felt with terror, "He is going to explain!

It is inevitable! Grant, O God, that he may be candid! Oh, let me not discover in him another falsehood!"

In fact I was so terrified that I rose nervously and tried to speak gayly. "You are dreaming. Come, let us go back. They will think we have eloped with the presents."

Then—how did it happen? I do not exactly know. I wished to speak and not to speak. I had on one hand an ardent desire that Jean should know all that troubled me, and on the other that he should never know it. I was so frightened and nervous that I burst into laughter when I had a real desire to weep. And I heard with stupor a voice that did not seem mine at all, speaking these words, "Ah, well, accused, answer! What were you doing, one afternoon about ten days ago, on the banks of the Seine, with a blonde young woman?"

I had no sooner pronounced these words than I burst into tears. I was so dizzy and shaken that I would have fallen if Jean had not caught me in his arms.

He held me awkwardly, poor fellow, for he was trembling and agitated, while he stammered:

"The Seine?—a woman—Oh, that—"

I raised my head and said, "Yes, Jean, I was there and saw you!"

He did not ask any details. He simply said "Ah."

And we remained silent for a moment, I weeping upon his breast, he speechless and distressed; while my brother in the next room was playing the Marseillaise with one finger, "The Day of Glory Has Arrived." I shall never forget that moment.

I wiped my eyes at last and demanded, "Have you nothing to say to me now?"

He made a discouraged gesture. Oh! he looked very sorrowful, and gazed at me with the utmost tenderness.

"No! What can I say, because it is

true. Besides, I am not free to justify myself. You are a young girl—my betrothed."

He hesitated, "You are *still* my betrothed, Therese."

"Certainly, *mon ami*!"

At this answer he could not repress a cry of surprise and joy. He seemed transfigured by happiness.

"You are mine still, mine forever, in spite of—in spite of *that*."

"Why, yes!"

"You have not spoken of it to your parents?"

"No; why should I tell your secrets?"

"Oh, Therese, I will never have any secrets from you."

"But you have a secret already, and we are not yet married."

"Shall I explain everything to you?"

I stopped him.

"No, explain nothing, if you can swear to me that you love me alone, that in being betrothed to me, in marrying me, you have no one else in your heart. I love you enough, Jean, not to ask anything more."

I sat down and Jean dropped on his knees at my feet.

"I swear to you that I love you," he cried: "I adore you. I love and adore only you. I will tell you everything in five days, when we are starting on our dear wedding journey."

As I was still silent, he went on in a lower voice. Ah! how he spoke! What touching, tender, noble, delicate and charming things he said. I felt a sensation of pleasure so intense that I seemed to breathe his words in like a perfume, instead of hearing them. If one of the novelists I like best, an Octave Feuillet, should have found himself behind the door, and taken note of all, he would have had a love scene for a romance better than he had ever used before.

To this hour I still hear those precious words. They sound in my ears always. They echo in my room, and I feel sure

they will sing themselves in my dreams. I know that he loves me with all his heart. All that I ever dreamed and hoped my lover would say, he has said. I felt when he knelt at my feet that I loved him so much I was rather glad to have something to pardon.

He has promised me that he will do all I desire. We will be constantly together, at home and abroad, on horseback, in long rides through the country. We will make all sorts of excursions together. And his voice trembled when he said he hoped he should die first, that he might not have the anguish of surviving me. He has promised to give up cards and to go to church with me every Sunday. He has promised all that I asked, and all that I did not ask, and much that it seems impossible for him to do. But he was very good and I love him!

When he had finished he drew me to him gently and leaning down impressed a kiss upon my forehead.

At that moment there was a sound of steps. Mama and papa entered. "Ah, well, I hope you have had enough time to examine the presents." Papa glanced at the table as he spoke.

"*Misericorde!* The packages were not opened!"

VIII.

I am to be married to-morrow!

I try to be calm, to be at ease, but I cannot! In spite of myself, I am far from being the same as on other days. I say constantly, "Can you believe it, Therese, it is to-morrow, to-morrow!" I cannot control my thoughts. This is the last night I shall spend in my pretty room as a careless young girl. They say that in moments of danger a panorama of one's whole life passes before the mind's eye. Well! I am in full health and youth, yet I seem to see to-

night all my life. I see myself a mere baby on papa's knee, listening to the tick of his watch. I see the convent and my school friends and my first communion. Oh, how happy and tranquil I was that year! I was better than I am to-day; without vanity I think I was nearly perfect. Then I remember my *début*, and how my first ball made my heart beat and filled my head with dreams. Then I saw Jean, and loved him. This morning before the justice I promised to be his wife, and to-morrow morning in the church I shall take him for the second time with all my heart. He will be my husband! It will be finished, and it will be irrevocable!

It is late, and every one is asleep in this house except myself. But I know Jean is not sleeping. He is awake and thinking of me. Oh, Jean, I think I am not deluding myself. I feel I have depths of tenderness in my nature. I trust, ah, I hope, I shall fill your ideal of a wife!

Five minutes ago I went on tiptoe into the *salon*, where all my bridal attire is arranged for to-morrow. In that place where Jean courted me, that little favorite corner by the screen, which heard all, my wedding gown was spread out on two chairs in the shadow of the great palm. I gazed at it a long time, till it seemed more real than myself, till

"This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Seemed touched and turned to finest air."

It seemed to me as if that were the real Therese, who was going away, who was leaving her childhood's home, and was sleeping her last night in that beautiful snowy robe! And I bade adieu to this Therese!

Henri Lavedan.

A RIDE IN SOUTH MOROCCO.

At the beginning of the winter of 1897 a long period of foggy, sunless days gave me the desire to cross the seas in search of better things. My sister C. was of the same mind, and after much discussion we made up our minds to return to Morocco, which we had only left a few months before. On our last visit we had made a most interesting journey through Alcazar, Fez, and Mekines, returning by Laraish, and having seen the north of the country we were anxious to compare it with the southern parts, which we heard were quite different, and to visit Morocco city, or, as the Moors more concisely name it, Marakesh.

In the beginning of December we found ourselves at Tangier, where we had arranged to spend some days while making arrangements for our journey in the south. The steamer by which we were to proceed down the coast arriving nearly a week late, we had ample time, and when everything was ready the whole camp was pitched on shore for our inspection. To further ensure a comfortable and pleasant journey, we had written from England to engage our former guide and the same cook, and we were so fortunate as to secure them both. These men, besides being good servants, were also interesting companions for the road. The guide, Muktar by name, was a lively and very energetic little man, speaking pretty good English, always in the best of spirits, and playing tricks upon the other men. The cook, on the other hand, who rejoiced in the scriptural appellation of Gilboa, was a man of grave demeanor, befitting the serious nature of his duties; he addressed us occasionally in a somewhat baffling

dialect composed of French and Spanish, but more frequently rode in silence, with his features concealed by the ample hood of his *jelab*, and thus alone in a crowd, had leisure for the composition of the *ménu* which was to astonish us in the evening; he had once been cook at the French Legation in Tangier, I believe, and was certainly an artist with the limited means at his disposal. Our arrangements being thus complete, we took ship with all our motley baggage, and came in about twelve hours to Casa Blanca, and as the weather was fine we disembarked for a run ashore. After wandering round the outskirts we heard much firing of cannon in the town, and, as we neared the Basha's house, a great sound of drums and music. On inquiring what all this might mean, our guide was told that a letter had just been received from the Sultan's forces, and read in the principal mosque, announcing that the army, which was encamped at a distance of three days' journey in the direction of Fez, had achieved a victory over a rebellious tribe, defeating them with a loss of five hundred prisoners; that twenty-five of the leaders had been decapitated, and that some of the heads were being sent to adorn the gates of Casa Blanca. This was all very old-fashioned, and gave one the sensation of being back in the Middle Ages; but we did not regret that the heads had travelled more slowly than the letter.

The following morning brought us to Mazagan, which has a good appearance from the sea, being surrounded by old Portuguese fortifications of considerable height. Here we left the steamer and rowed ashore, passing various ugly-looking rocks and the

funnels of two sunken steamers, which have remained for years standing out of water; a significant caution to careless mariners. Passing through the Custom House, we went to the only hotel the place affords; it was kept by some Spanish Jews, and had as much, or as little, cleanliness as one would expect from such proprietors. The place indeed was so dirty that we made every haste to get out into camp next day. This rapid departure was a little difficult to arrange, for the day of our arrival was Friday, which is the Mohammedan day of rest; it also happened to be Christmas Eve, so that neither among the Europeans nor Arabs was it easy to do business. Fortunately, our men and mules had been collected beforehand, so that with the assistance of a Spanish gentleman in the town we managed to make a start on the afternoon of Christmas Day. About two o'clock we took the road; our tents and baggage were packed on mules, my sister and I rode horses, and another horse carried our escort, which consisted of one soldier. It was not a large force, but as ancient custom prescribes the same number to attend the Speaker of the House of Commons, our sense of dignity was in no way offended. C.'s horse was a well-shaped beast, but had the misfortune of being Government property, and was in consequence so ill-fed that for the first two or three days I had to drive it along with my hunting-crop; at the end of that time our more liberal scale of forage began to put some life into it, and it became quite gay. The Moorish idea of the proper load for a mule is so remarkable that it is worth describing a single example. Let us suppose the mule equipped with its pack-saddle and the usual pair of soft panniers woven together with a strip across the saddle; one of these panniers would be filled with

iron kitchen utensils, the other with a heavy box of groceries. Across the top a hard foundation is formed with a folding table, two chairs, and a roll of matting; on this three or four men with much exertion place a wet tent, and bind the whole with ropes; finally one of the men climbs up and sits crossed-legged on the top. With this load the long-suffering mule keeps going all day at a pace of quite four miles an hour.

During the night before our start rain had fallen heavily and the town was a sea of mud; but directly we got outside the road became firm, dry, and sandy, so that we could make good progress. It was a great relief to us to see that the country was of this character, for we feared that there would be the same tedious expanse of mud which the northern roads show in the winter time. I use the word *road* for convenience; but there are, as a matter of fact, no roads in Morocco, only worn tracks, more or less distinct, formed by the feet of travellers, and, except in places where there are high bushes, they are sufficiently easy to follow.

We made but a short march on the first afternoon, as we had started late and wished to have a comfortable evening in honor of Christmas. What a relief it was to be away from the dirty town and in the quiet camp with a clear sky and the stars blazing overhead! We pitched our tents as usual on the outskirts of a village, and on the demand of our escort a guard presently arrived, consisting of about eight of the villagers armed with antique flintlocks. This is furnished almost as much in the interests of the village as of the traveller, for if anything is stolen from the latter during his stay, the village will, on complaint to the nearest Basha, be called upon not only to make good the loss, but also to pay a fine of the

same value to the Basha. It is bad to be a slight sleeper when thus protected, for the guard at most places talk, or even sing, through their watch, and if they are sufficiently considerate to refrain from this amusement one or more of them is sure to have a distressing cough which the cold night air brings out and aggravates; added to this is the constant barking of dogs, and when everything else is quiet, a mule on the picket-rope is sure to begin snorting and shaking his head till his long ears rattle like castanettes. On the first night these things annoy one, but afterwards the long ride and the open air produce the sort of sleep which cares nothing for such unfavorable circumstances.

The fine weather of Christmas night ushered in a spell of bright, hot weather which made travelling delightful, and the country for the first two or three days was bright with young crops, fresh grass, and wide stretches of golden marigolds. The narcissus was not yet out, and only an occasional asphodel, but both were in bud, and we regretted we were not a fortnight later, when all the country would be white with flowers. Being both of the opinion that it is a mistake to make a business of a journey undertaken for pleasure, we did not unduly hurry ourselves on the road. We generally began to break up the camp at a little before sunrise, between half-past six and seven o'clock. At eight o'clock I sat down to breakfast at a table in the open, all the tents being struck with the exception of that occupied by C.; this it was always difficult to get possession of, as she was almost too strongly impressed with the aforesaid opinion, and at times I was driven to great straits in the matter. On these occasions I found it a good plan to knock out a few of her

tent-pegs, till the flapping canvas threatened impending disaster and urged her to more rapid progress. While the final preparations for the start were going on, C. would give audience to the women and children of the village, who clustered round her in huge delight at the pearls of wisdom which fell from her lips in Arabic. To the critical ear the conversation might have seemed rather sententious, consisting, as it did, chiefly of proverbs culled from her Arabic grammar. Thus, to the proud mother displaying a lusty infant, she would pleasantly remark, "Every monkey is a gazelle to its mother;" and the famine-stricken villager would be consoled with the advice that she should "be content with butter till Allah brings the jam." However, they all seemed mightily pleased, and if permitted to touch her rich attire (a rough tweed skirt) or to examine one of her gloves, they became frantic in their childish delight. For myself I have not the same aptitude for languages, but as an impassive silence is considered dignified among the men, my part gave me little trouble, and I discharged my duty by giving one or two of the chief men tea and cigarettes in the tent during the evening, while I gleaned the news of the district through the interpreter, and from local information marked out on the map the day's march as correctly as I could. On most nights before going to bed I used to warm myself at the charcoal fire in the kitchen-tent, for wood is scarce in this country, and it is seldom that we can indulge in the luxury of a good camp-fire. The pleasant warmth and a handy packing-case often suggested a last pipe; and while I smoked the men talked and told stories which were translated to me; in this way I heard much that was interesting and romantic. One of the muleteers was,

they told me gravely, "a descendant of Adam the First Man." This I readily accepted as indisputable, but when they assured me that Adam dwelt in that part of Morocco the matter seemed open to question. I was not at that time able to inform them that the cradle of the human race had been found in Somaliland, as I did not acquire that important knowledge until after my return; but perhaps even so I should not have convinced them. Whatever his origin may have been, the man was a very fine specimen of his kind; tall, active, and of great strength, he seemed to feel neither fatigue nor heat, and would stride along all day with his head bared to the sun.

Our road inland led us gradually higher day by day over a succession of great plains which were varied by an occasional line of hills; towards the south, vegetation became scarce, and we learned that drought and locusts had reduced the country to the verge of famine. Once we rode all day with locusts flying thickly about us and flapping against our faces and hands, while all across the horizon in front of us a red cloud of them was blown along by the wind, looking like the smoke of a heath-fire or the dust that hangs over a review at Aldershot. The first sight of the Atlas mountains made a great impression on our memories. We had halted at mid-day on the banks of a little river, and then, passing through some low hills, the great white wall of the mountains stood all across our front in the far distance. The sight of them seemed to bring us suddenly within reach of the wide Sahara and all the mysterious country beyond. From the point where we saw them first the distance in a straight line on the map was one hundred and ten miles. On the sixth morning we found ourselves only a few miles

from Marakesh. We had camped among some hills, and as we left them a magnificent view opened before us. At our feet was stretched a wide plain, green with a forest of tall date-palms; to east and west this great grove spread till it vanished in the distance, where the horizon was broken by a few small hills. Looking straight across towards the city we could see no part of it except the great tower of the Koutoubia, which rose high above the palms in solitary grandeur. The picture would have been a fine one had it stopped here, but the chief glory of the scene lay beyond, where the lower slopes of the Atlas rose some four thousand feet above the level of the plain, and behind them towered the tall peaks, dazzling in their whiteness beneath the fierce African sun. It seemed to us that few cities in the world could have so splendid a situation. When we had thoroughly taken in the beauty of the place we continued our journey into the plain, where the frequent strings of camels winding among the palms showed that we were nearing the city; but even when we halted for luncheon at the bridge over the Wady Tensift, less than an hour's ride from the gates, nothing could be seen of the town, so hidden is it by the trees. When once entered, the place is rather a whitened sepulchre, being as dirty as any other town, while the buildings generally are of a mean description. Certainly the crowds of people are great, and the various markets are busy and interesting; but there is nothing to compare with the steep, romantic alleys of Fez, nor does one find at each turn those delightful bits of architecture and color which there compelled us every few yards to stop and look about us. We were provided with a house by the courtesy of a native gentleman to whom I carried a letter of

introduction from the Vice-Consul at Fez; the house was small, but there was a bit of a garden and some buildings round an outer court, so that we had plenty of room to stow away our camp-equipment and animals. In the garden was a well, which was of great convenience, but it had one serious drawback, inasmuch as it formed a nursery for the insidious mosquito. We had hitherto been entirely free from these, and were unprovided with any curtains or means of defence; they therefore had at their mercy and showed none. One day I would awake with both eyes so swollen that I could scarcely see, the next with a lip out to my nose and unable to speak distinctly; and C. suffered almost as much. We devised ingenious headgear of silk handkerchiefs, and anointed the nose and mouth, which was all we left exposed, with eucalyptus-oil and other evil-smelling compounds; but what was most efficacious was the nightly slaughter after the shutters were closed. I was often too sleepy to do much of this, and after I had sought my pillow I was lulled to sleep by the flip-flap of C's slipper, and the gentle and triumphant monotone in which, like Madam Defarge in "A Tale of Two Cities," she marked off the number of her victims.

During our stay in Morocco we generally occupied the mornings in seeing the sights of the place and went shopping in the afternoon, as we found that many of the tradesmen did not open their shops till that time of day. The principal shops were in a series of long arcades, and in these were daily auctions of a curious and informal kind, which we often frequented, as good bargains may sometimes be picked up there. The scene was quaint and amusing. Up and down the thronged ways ran those who had wares to sell, waving their

goods high in air; if anything took our fancy we plucked the sleeve of the vender and inquired the price; he would either say so much was bid or ask us to name a price; in either case he at once rushed off again, shouting out the price named. If in his tour down the arcade nothing more was bid, he returned and concluded the bargain with us; but if more was offered, he came back to see if we were ready to go higher. In one of our morning rambles through the markets we saw large heaps of boiled locusts being sold for food at a small price; the poor people are so much pressed by the results of the drought and the living locusts, that they are forced to buy this wretched food or starve. At one of the villages on the road a large dish of boiled locusts was brought to me as a present, and for the sake of politeness received with signs of satisfaction. I could not, however, go so far as to eat them, the appearance of them, and the idea of so doing, being, perhaps unreasonably, repulsive to me. Luckily, one of our men was accustomed to them (the man who was descended from Adam), and he disposed of them with relish, pulling off the heads, tails, and wings as if they were shrimps.

We were most kindly assisted in our efforts to see all that we could by the members of the Medical Mission, who were the only Europeans in the town. This Mission does most excellent work, and its fame has reached so far that people come to be treated in the small hospital from tribes living beyond the Atlas in the Sus country, and even in the Sahara. The ladies of the Mission here go about in European dress, and have not, as in Fez, assumed the Moorish garb. It is probably owing to this that we found civility and often smiling faces wherever we went; on its first establishment insults and stones were the

usual welcome. But even setting aside this good influence, we thought the people of Marakesh showed a more sunny disposition than those of the Northern capital, where, though more Europeans visit the place, the strict follower of the Prophet still thinks it advisable to spit if by chance the shadow of the unbeliever falls upon him. One afternoon we were shown the slave-market, where a constant and considerable business is done. On the afternoon of our visit there were but few slaves for sale, and consequently a small attendance. The buyers sat in a ring, and the auctioneers led the slaves round for inspection, stopping before any one who wished to bid and calling out the price as they went. Most of the slaves walked stolidly round without taking much notice of the proceedings; but one poor child was crying, and though the auctioneer tried to pet her into cheerfulness, she was evidently frightened or homesick. We were told she had probably been brought over the mountains from the Sahara, for she was of a more pronounced negro type than the rest, who were, in many cases, children of parents living in Marakesh, and unable through poverty to feed their families during these days of scarcity. On days when there was no great attraction in the city, it was delightful to ride outside the walls and sit in some secluded place among the palms, enjoying the view and listening to the nightingale; our favorite retreat was a spot near the entrance to the leper village, which does not, perhaps, appear a very desirable locality, but as the lepers did not come to see us, and as we saw no particular object in going to them, the neighborhood did not matter.

The same Moorish gentleman who had provided us with a house kindly gave us a letter of introduction to a

great Shereef living in the country a day's march from Marakesh; and as we were very anxious to allow enough time for this visit to a Moorish country-house, we procured, as soon as we could, fresh men and animals to take the road. This was difficult to arrange, for, owing to the scarcity of fodder, there were but few beasts to be had, but the men from Mazagan could not be induced to go further than the capital, so we had to make the best of it. Eventually, and with much difficulty, Muktar engaged seven mules and two camels, an increase in number, but the beasts were small and poor, with the exception of those procured for us to ride. We were also escorted by a different Kaid, and were honored by being given one who was commander of a thousand men, a gentleman of great dignity, who made a very picturesque figure at the head of our cavalcade. His raiment was of snowy whiteness, with a glimpse of his scarlet caftan showing beneath, and he rode a good black horse with very ornamental saddlery; but in spite of all this he would lend a hand in pitching the tents, and at the end of the journey accepted with much gratitude a present of a few dollars.

A short day's march brought us to the hospitable residence of the Shereef, and as we approached we sent forward the Kaid with our letter of introduction. This was somewhat short notice of the arrival of so large a party, but it seemed sufficient, for when we reached the door we found our host standing ready to welcome us, with his sons and his household drawn up on either side of the gate. The house was a walled and lofty castle, standing up above the town and surrounded by large outbuildings for the storage of the corn, wine, and oil produced on this wide and fertile estate. Entering the gate, we were

led up a narrow staircase in the wall into a marble-paved court with fountains, orange-trees, and a large tank, all sheltered from the sun by a vine trained on a trellis overhead. On one side of the court lay that part of the castle which is inhabited by the She-reef himself, and on the others the rooms used by us. I was assigned a most beautifully decorated *koubba* for my residence, and felt as if I ought in future to be styled *sidi*, or saint. The room was square, with walls of carved and brightly colored plaster, and surmounted by a high-domed roof of octagonal form painted with the richest colors on carved wood; on three sides windows of stained glass opened to afford a view over the garden and towards the mountains, while on the fourth great doors admitted entrance from the courtyard. All around this luxurious apartment ran soft divans, and the centre was spread with thick carpets. C.'s room was chosen for her as being more private: it was indeed so discreetly designed that it had no windows, and when the door was shut she was obliged to use a candle; but the decoration was also elaborate, and a strange yet pleasant odor of incense pervaded it. During our visit we took most of our meals in the She-reef's company; but he was a model of courtesy, and on the slightest suggestion that we were fatigued, our food was sent to our rooms.

The first day is worth describing as an example of the mode of life. In the early morning I threw open the doors of my *koubba* and sallied out into the sunshine of the courtyard to see what sort of a day it was. It came as rather a shock to me to find our venerable host squatting outside my door and waiting till it should be my pleasure to arise, for I was only clad in pyjamas and my general appearance was not suited to visits of

ceremony. He was there, I found, for the purpose of inviting us to breakfast with him; accordingly, having accomplished our toilettes, we were escorted to a set of rooms placed high up in the tower of the castle. We passed through one or two which were in semi-obscurity, but presently a heavy curtain was lifted and we entered a long narrow apartment which I shall never forget. Facing us at the far end was a window whose Moorish arch and looped-up curtain framed a most perfect picture of the Atlas range only a few miles distant, while the waving tops of the tall cypress-trees just reached the level of the window and drew one's gaze down on the garden far below and the great olive groves beyond. A flood of sunshine poured in from this and other windows on either side, and lighted the tiled walls, hung with richly embroidered cloth, and the bright carpets strewn on the floor. On one side of the room sat two female slaves, a Circassian and a negress, in brilliant silk attire and glittering with gold and jewels, who, at our entry, rose and shook hands with us, and then, seating themselves again, struck up a song of welcome to the accompaniment of a guitar and a fiddle. The music was barbaric, but well suited to the surroundings; it resembled a Gregorian chant sung quickly in rather harsh and nasal tones, while the instrumental part did not appear to be very closely related to the rest. Our host, meanwhile, was at one of the further windows, on his knees and frequently bowing himself towards the open air. We supposed that the old man was at prayer, but closer investigation showed us that the cooking was going on in the courtyard below, and he was directing the service of breakfast from this point of vantage. We were told that the Circassian lady had cost

two thousand dollars on account of her beauty and musical talent; neither of these could properly be judged from a European point of view, but I was a little disappointed in her looks, having frequently read of Circassian beauty and hardly finding these accounts realized in her rather handsome but absolutely impassive countenance. As they sang we inquired of our interpreter the subject of their lay, and found it sometimes of war and sometimes of the greatness of their master, and, sometimes, as he enigmatically put it, of other things; we did not press for a literal interpretation of this part of the performance, gathering from his manner that the tropical sunshine had had an influence on the poet's verse. Breakfast presently arrived, borne in large wooden trays on the heads of slaves, and other slaves brought water and soap in which all present washed their hands. As fingers take the place of knives and forks in Morocco, this seemed a very proper and reassuring proceeding, but as we were not expert in the use of our digits we had napkins spread on cushions and plates with knives and forks thereon. The first dish was *kous-kous*, little pieces of mutton-bones, with flour worked up into small granules and cooked with butter. It looked good, but was spoilt by the flavor of the butter, which the Moors prefer to eat in a rancid condition; the slightest *soupeon* of it to our taste rendered any dish uneatable, and we subsequently persuaded our cook to explain this and have all the butter eliminated from dishes intended for us. The next course contained four whole chickens in a single dish, roasted and flavored with lemon and garnished with fried eggs; the result was excellent and we appreciated it. The meal concluded with a dish of shortbread covered with wild honey and we

hoped great things of it; but, alas, shortbread is made with butter, and the mixture of rancid butter and honey is too complicated for the European palate.

After breakfast I expressed a desire to go partridge-shooting, and as the ground which the birds most frequented was at a little distance I was offered a mount to ride there. C. preferred to ride her own mule, which was a very good one, and one of the sons accompanied us on another mule. The horse selected for me was a most fiery-looking white stallion, all mane, tail, and flashing eye, such an Arab as Alken used to draw, and much larger than the Eastern breed. The bridle was of red silk with buckles of silver-gilt, and the bit was severe enough to stop any horse; this was just as well, for the animal was very fresh, but fortunately contented himself with showy curvettings. On arriving at the shooting-ground I dismounted and tried to walk the partridges up with the assistance of the rest of the party; but as the bushes were high and the sensible birds always flew out of the far side, I was very soon wearied of this fruitless tramping under the hot sun. I was then told that if I mounted a black horse which Muktar was riding, of equally ferocious appearance with my Arab, I could shoot from his back. The prospect was not very assuring, as I was convinced that if I fired the beast would probably get rid of me before I could pick up my reins again. However, I mounted with apparent confidence and found that they had spoken the truth; the horse paid no attention at all to the shot, only, as he continued to walk with a springing step, I had a very unsteady platform to shoot from, and the results were not great. Later in the afternoon one of the sons took us for a walk, all among the gardens and olive-groves,

where he and his friends gallantly pulled down hedges for C. to pass and assisted her over the walls. It was evident that the Shereef and his family were greatly revered, for ever as we passed some one would run out to kiss the hem of our conductor's garment. We returned to the castle at sunset, and after dining in our own rooms, spent the evening with the Shereef, lounging on mats and cushions, with tea and cigarettes to amuse us, while he told us stories of the country and asked many questions about life in England. His talk had, of course, to be interpreted to us, but he used his hands so dramatically that it was easy to follow the thread of the story.

In this pleasant manner we spent several days, and the Shereef begged us to remain longer, for the weather had become wet, and he said we should find the country very bad for travelling. His hospitable endeavors were, of course, backed up by all our men, who had nothing to do but eat, sleep, wake, and eat again, an existence thoroughly agreeable to the Moorish mind. There was an idea, however, that a steamer would be due at Mogador in about eight days, and as we did not want to hurry on the road, we decided to start in the teeth of great opposition. Black pictures were drawn for us of our mules slipping down and breaking their limbs, and of the camels splitting themselves on the greasy soil. It was probable enough, but having travelled in much worse weather the year before without suffering any of these calamities, we were obdurate. Finding that we were determined to leave, the Shereef presented us with various handsome gifts, and after much consideration we found a suitable token of our gratitude to him, and bade him and his sons a regretful farewell.

In consequence of the men's obsti-

nacy we did not get off till about two o'clock in the day, but I was content, knowing that when once on the road it would be easy to hurry them along. Our march lay towards the mountains, for the rain had swollen the river and it was necessary to go a long way round to cross by the bridge. We were told that the bridge was about three hours distant, so that when, after making about three miles only, the Kaid turned aside to camp in a village, I was much annoyed, and ordered him to go on. This we did, but at a tedious pace, for the camels went much slower than the mules. The road was fair enough at first, but as we approached the mountains our advance became difficult, owing to the frequent deep and rocky ravines. I was much surprised to find what good climbing powers the camels had, their great, soft feet giving them excellent foothold on the rough ridges of the rocks; no doubt on smooth, wet slabs they would have fallen. The scenery was picturesque in the extreme, and I have seldom been in a wilder spot than that which we had reached when the sun set in flaming orange and red behind the heavy clouds. Soon after sunset we heard the rush of the flooded river in front of us, and I hoped that we had reached the bridge; but such was not the case, and we had to keep on climbing up and down the sides of the innumerable nullahs which ran down from the hill to the river. It is not considered very safe to travel in any part of Morocco after dark, and the men seemed uneasy at finding themselves in this lonely hill-country with the river on one side and semi-independent tribes on the other. They all spoke in whispers, and when C. and I began talking, Muktar earnestly begged us not to speak aloud in English lest we should be overheard, and the foreign tongue should betray to the fanatical hillmen the fact that

Christians were among them. The Kaid rode on in front with ready gun, and I behind was also cleared for action and loaded, while Muktar, by way of moral effect, pulled out a *Sus* gun which I had bought as a curiosity, and conspicuously bore it aloft. It was not loaded, and the lock had no flint in it, but no doubt to the eye of the evil-doer three muzzles sticking up against the sky would carry more conviction than two. Every few minutes we had to wait in silence to let the dawdling camels close up; and once, in a very broken piece of ground the party became separated and we had considerable difficulty to find those in front, for though we were not far apart, it was very dark, and shouting was not desirable. At last we reached the bridge, and halted at a short distance, while one man went forward to see that the bridge was standing and that no ambush lurked there; it was certainly a relief when he returned and reported all clear.

The ground on the other side was much easier and more open, and another hour brought us to the house of the local Kaid where we proposed to stop. Fortunately the Shereef had sent him word beforehand that we were coming, and we were soon admitted into the place. The village consisted of walled enclosures with shelter for man and beast inside, and square towers rising above the walls; in fact, every house was a small fort capable of defence. I have seen pictures of similar buildings in Afghanistan, surrounded by scenery of much the same character. By eleven o'clock we were comfortably seated at dinner in a dry room warmed with a basket of charcoal; our cloth was spread on a pack-saddle which served well for a table, as well as saving the time which would have been spent in undoing the loads. We slept sound that night, but in spite of open windows the fumes of the

charcoal gave us aching heads next day.

A few hours brought us within an easy distance of Amsmiz, where we had thought of passing a day or two, but our time was growing short and we were told that the place would be very cold at that season, so with some regret we left it on one side, and worked back towards the main route between Marakesh and Mogador. During our march to the coast we generally slept in the house of the headman, as the Kaid on this road are ordered by the Sultan to keep an apartment for the use of guests, and we always found the room clean. At one village the Kaid lived in a picturesque castle on a hill, and declined to admit us, bidding us go on to the next house. Our escort, however, threatened to break down the door if it was not opened; and it must be said that when once inside we were treated with all civility. After dinner our host came to me and confided that he was suffering great pain in his leg. On inquiry I came to the conclusion that sciatica was the cause of his trouble, and asked whether he had tried any remedies. Yes, he said, showing a great scar, he had run a red hot nail into his instep, but added that he was no better. I was not surprised, as it seemed to me a very extraordinary remedy, but I have since been told that a similar treatment used to be followed in England. I gave him such remedies as my small medicine case afforded, and recommended rubbing with paraffin-oil, which might do him good and could not hurt him; he was most grateful, and I took the opportunity of impressing on him that when Christians next passed that way he was to admit them at once.

The country through which we marched was more green and fertile than the plains round Marakesh; but nothing much had grown up yet in the

fields, and the herds of gazelles which frequent this country were nowhere to be seen; probably they were up in the lower hills where there would be good grass. We were told that sometimes one might see animals like donkeys with black and white stripes, which also came down from the hills. This was most interesting, for what could the animal be but the zebra? Yet I had never heard of the zebra so far north; the camel-men who told us knew the country well, however, and had no reason to suppose that I was more concerned about a zebra than any other beast. It would be interesting to know what the zoologists have to say on the subject.

As we approached the coast the country gradually changed in appearance. One day we rode for hours through high bushes of broom covered with a small, sweet-scented white flower; the bushes rose so high that the flowers brushed one's face as one rode, and it was a pleasant change after the great stretches of open, treeless country. Then came the Argand forests, where the trees grew in natural glades and vistas till one seemed to be riding through a park. Prickly, and with much the appearance of old blackthorns, they were covered with unripe nuts, one of which I cut open for inspection. It contained a large stone which is crushed for oil, and a green husk which, after being bruised off, is partly dried and then serves as fodder for mules and camels. The road

through the forest descended steeply in places, and we often had delightful views of the distant sea, till we came into a wood of small cedar trees which, owing either to the soil or to the frequent fires, appeared unable to rise to any respectable height. Among the trees C. found a quantity of pretty flowers, African snowdrops and wild roses for the most part.

On reaching Mogador we found to our great regret that the steamer for the Canary Islands was already in and would leave in an hour. Just before sunset, therefore, we were rowed to the ship, attended by Muktar in a most melancholy mood. We had arranged to make a parting feast for all the men, and to have a few days of rest in camp, shooting and sketching; and now all this was gone. So soon as we were on board they got up the anchor, and Muktar went dancing away over the heavy swell, shouting out farewell greetings till he could no longer be heard. The last lights of a glorious sunset still flamed in the west, and lighted up the white walls and minarets till the town looked like metal-work. Distance and the gathering night gradually shut out the picture, and brought us from a patriarchal existence to the prosaic world of the present. For some time at least we could not properly value the modern life, and mourned for the silent, open country and the lonely camp, or, in the words of Loti, *l'air vierge et irrespiré du désert*.

Frederick Williams Wynn.

Macmillan's Magazine.

RECENT SCIENCE.

III.

Is it possible to foretell weather several days, or maybe weeks, in advance? This is the question which now en-

grosses the attention of many practical meteorologists. Popular wisdom has always said "yes" to this question, and there are in the weather-lore of each nation many sayings to this effect.

Some of them belong, it is true, to the same domain of superstition as astrological predictions. Such is, for instance, the once so famous *Bauern-Praktik*, whose origin Dr. Hermann has traced as far as ancient Greece and the Vedas. But there circulates also, amongst mariners, peasants, and hunters all over the world, a certain stock of practical knowledge of weather which is based upon a correct observation of nature. When the Greeks say that the autumn and winter months are months of gales, or the North-west Canadians predict a spell of warm and dry weather after a snowstorm of short duration has blown early in autumn, or the Russian peasants remark that when the first snow has fallen upon an already frozen ground the snow will lie late in the spring, and the spring will be cool—there is scientific observation in such prophecy; and recent researches into the seasonal periodicity of gales in Greece, the character of weather in the North-western prairies, and the influence of the snow-cover upon spring temperatures in Russia, have decided in favor of these practical observers. The question is consequently this, Cannot science do better? After having succeeded in forecasting weather twenty-four hours ahead, cannot it make a further step in advance?

The means by which meteorologists succeed in issuing the daily forecasts which we now find in the morning papers, have so often been described that a few words will be sufficient to refresh in memory the leading principles of these prophecies. In every civilized country of the world there is one or several weather bureaus whereto telegrams are sent, once or twice daily, from a great number of meteorological stations, reporting the state of the weather at each station: the height of the barometer and the thermometer, the direction and the force of the wind, the cloudiness of the sky, and so on.

As soon as this information reaches the central bureau it is embodied in a weather chart by means of a system of conventional signs. All the spots at which the atmospheric pressure (or rather the corrected height of the barometer) is the same—30.0 inches, 29.9, 29.8, and so on—are connected on the map by curved lines or "isobars," which show at a glance the distribution of pressure over a wide area. The same is done for temperatures; while the wind which blows at each station, the state of the sky, and the amount of rain that has fallen during the previous day, are marked on the map by comprehensive symbols. A true picture of the different sorts of the weather experienced in the region which is covered by the weather chart is thus obtained. Every one knows these weather charts, which are exhibited at different places and are printed in some leading paper in each country—the Times for the British Isles. They are so comprehensible that even the uninitiated reader, if he sees in the morning that the isobar curves are sinuous and contorted, and run close to each other, is tempted to predict that the weather will be boisterous and unsettled during the day.

The atmosphere of the earth is never at rest. It is involved in a general circulation, during which masses of air, hot and cold, are carried at different levels from the equator to the poles, and back to the equator.²⁷ But local depressions, or local eddies—similar to those which are seen in a swift current of water—are also formed here and there. And it is these eddies, or centres of low pressure, which determine the wind that will blow at a given spot, the clouds that will obscure its sky, and the amount of rain that may fall upon it. The weather will be different

²⁷ The laws of the general circulation have been discussed once in these pages, Nineteenth Century, April, 1893.

to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south, of a local depression of atmospheric pressure.²⁸ Besides, these eddies continually shift their positions, and the main difficulty is to foretell whereto this or that centre of low pressure will move, and how its dimensions will be altered within the next twenty-four hours. If such a centre of depression has made its appearance on the western coast of Ireland, it will shift eastwards as a rule; but it also may be shifted to the south-east, or, after having described a U-shaped curve, it may creep next towards Iceland; and the weather at, let us say, London will depend entirely upon whether London is now in the centre of the depression, or in its front or rear, to the left or to the right of its path.

The tracks followed by each of these centres of low barometric pressure for the last thirty years (they are still named "cyclones," although no real cyclone storm is implied) have been the subject of most laborious investigations. For every separate region—the British Isles, Western and Eastern Europe, South Russia, India, Japan, and so on—we have now detailed descriptions of the different types of depressions, and atlases of the tracks which they follow at different seasons. The result is that when an experienced forecaster looks on this afternoon's weather-chart for Europe, or the States, or India, and compares it with both the weather-chart of the previous day and his atlas of "cyclone-tracks," he can foretell whereto the centre of low pressure will

be shifted by next morning, what will be the probable distribution of isobars, and consequently what sort of weather will prevail next day in the different sections of his own country. He issues his forecasts, and in nearly nine cases out of ten they are correct, although the forecast as regards rain is beset with great difficulties, especially in these isles, on account of the importance of local conditions.²⁹

It has often been objected that although meteorologists have undoubtedly succeeded in placing weather predictions twenty-four hours in advance upon a scientific basis, the practical value of their forecasts is not yet great.³⁰ However, this last depends entirely upon the methods of bringing the forecasts to the knowledge of the population; the rapidity with which warnings of changes of weather are issued and disseminated; the degree of confidence that has been won by the local meteorologists; and finally upon the average level of popular education. Even in the British Isles, for which weather predictions are beset with more difficulties than anywhere else, the storm-warnings and partly the weather forecasts are taken notice of by the population. But it is especially in the United States that one sees how much the meteorological service may become part of the daily life of a nation.

The daily weather-charts and the forecasts are prepared in the States with wonderful rapidity. The forecasts are ready one hour and forty minutes after the observations have been made (at eight o'clock of the 75th

²⁸ By using the word "eddies" it is not meant that real eddies are formed. The word is only a convenient description of an analogous feature.

²⁹ This is why the tendency is now to decentralize the weather forecasts. In the United States twenty-six weather bureaus have lately been created: they receive all the telegrams (on the circuit system) and issue independent forecasts. Experience has shown that they are of an immense value. Besides, the best me-

eteorologists (Abercromby, Bebb, Woelfoff) encourage by all means individual forecasts, and invite all persons interested in weather to practise in that art.

³⁰ The first part of this statement has also been contested lately by no less an authority than Dr. H. Klein, but with little success. See the most instructive discussion on this subject which took place between Dr. Klein and Dr. Hebb.

meridian) at from 2,700 to 2,960 stations scattered over the States and Canada, as well as at the auxiliary stations of Mexico and the West Indies. Immediately the forecasts are telegraphed and spread broadcast, reaching nearly 30,000 persons and institutions. The local and the auxiliary bureaus, as well as the post-offices, spread them by all means, including free postcards and telephone messages. The warnings of frosts and blizzards in February, of night frosts in the spring, of storms on the coasts and squalls on the lakes, of inundations, and so on, are the subject of a special care. Thus, last winter, when a cold wave and a blizzard were expected in the West, 650 points in twelve ranching States, as also all the railway and steamboat stations, and thousands of private persons were warned from the Chicago weather bureau. Immediately most ranchers took their flocks of sheep under shelter (200,000 head of sheep and cattle in one single small spot), and masses of both sheep and cattle were saved from an almost certain destruction by an awful blizzard.²¹ In April last most valuable crops of strawberries were saved in the same way. The strawberries were covered with straw, or artificial clouds were made.²²

The squalls which are going to blow on the great lakes; those which are foreseen to sweep over the Columbia river during the salmon season; the storms and rains that may be fatal to crop operations in Dakota; the rains which may damage the drying of raisins in California; and the coming floods

of the Mississippi are telegraphed in the same way to the respective regions, either from Washington or from the local forecasting bureaus. Moreover, great numbers of private telegrams, to inquire whether next day will be favorable for salmon-fishing, or to what height the Mississippi or such a river may rise during the next days of hay-making, or when a big raft of timber ought to be floated, are received in numbers at the weather bureaus and immediately answered. Nay, the meteorological service has so much won the confidence of the population that last year it was very seriously urged by the Press to issue forecasts of "increase of crime," it being known that such an increase really takes place during some sorts of hot weather.

IV.

At the present time the weather forecasts which are issued every evening cover only twenty-four hours in advance. Thirty-five years ago even such forecasts were described as an awful self-conceitiveness on the part of the meteorologists, sufficient to discredit them. Maury himself lectured Fitzroy on this theme. But now such forecasts are already found insufficient, and on all sides the desire is expressed to know the coming weather several days, if not weeks, ahead. Meteorologists have thus to face a new problem, and they approach it in two different ways. On the one side assiduous researches are made in order to see whether there is not a certain periodicity, or certain

them by telephone. . . . They were also, where opportunity offered, sent into the country and circulated verbally. . . . The average time that the warnings were received in advance of the frost was fourteen hours. The words of warning are also attached to the stamps of the receiving post-offices, and they are printed on all letters, postcards, and papers issued from the offices for distribution. The weather warning is thus printed by the same movement which the post officer has to make in order to stamp the letters.

²¹ Monthly Weather Review, vol. xxvi., March, 1898.

²² Same publication, April, 1898, p. 130. Mr. Willis L. Moore has made a special study of the cold waves, and is most successful in their prediction. In the above-mentioned case twenty-four stations were warned from Washington. The warnings were also widely distributed by mail from Raleigh, Tarboro, and Parmele by the logotype system. A number of display men, besides posting warnings at the post-offices and depots (shops), also distributed

cycles, in the recurrence of hot and cool, dry and wet weather; and on the other side research is directed towards ascertaining the different *types* or spells of weather, their duration and the succession in which they follow each other.

It is now certain that the number and the size of the dark spots which we see on the surface of the sun are in some way connected with the weather which we have on the earth. Charles Meldrum, Sir Norman Lockyer, the Indian meteorologists, and especially Dr. W. Köppen in his great work, have proved that there is a certain periodicity in the temperature, the rainfall, the number of cyclones, etc., which corresponds to the eleven years' periodicity (11.1 years) in the number of sunspots.²⁵ However, the amount of variation which may be due to this cause is so small in comparison with the non-periodical irregularities of weather that it is often masked and obliterated by them. Moreover—to say nothing of the connection which exists between the sun-spots' period and the magnetical forces in our atmosphere—the whole matter, as has been shown by Polls, is more complicated than it seemed to be at first sight.²⁶ It appears that when the sunspots are at a minimum, mild winters and hot summers prevail, while cold winters and cool summers seem to characterize the maximum periods of the sunspots; while Mr. A. McDowall points out that not only the seasons and fractions of the year, but different days as well, must be treated separately in all discussions upon the influence of the sunspots' periods. Years of sunspots'

maxima are, in his opinion, years when the monthly and daily extremes of temperature are greater as a rule.²⁷ In short, our weather is undoubtedly influenced by the eleven years' periodical variation of the sun's radiation which is indicated by the sunspots. But this influence is only now studied in such detail as to be taken into consideration in weather predictions.

Another weather period which perhaps has not yet been taken sufficient notice of, is the thirty-five years' period discovered by the Swiss professor, Ed. Brückner.²⁸ Taking all available observations of temperature, rainfall, and height of water in lakes and rivers since 1700, he has proved that, excepting such peculiarly situated regions as the West of England, the rainfall and the wetness of the seasons in Europe have, as a rule, their maxima and their minima at regular intervals of about thirty-five years. At the present time we are in a warm period of decreasing rainfall—the last maximum having been attained in the years 1882–86.²⁹ Of course, rain is the most difficult part of weather to foretell, there being not two stations in this country where the rain curves for many years would be quite similar; but, all taken, we are now in a period of increasing dryness. Besides, Brückner suspects also the existence of a longer period, of over 100 years, which necessarily would interfere with the thirty-five years' period.

The moon has always been a favorite with weather prophets, who generally accuse meteorologists of a wilful neglect of the influence exercised by our satellite upon weather. The reality is,

²⁵ Henry F. Blanford summed up this question a few years ago in *Nature*, vol. xliii. 1891, p. 583.

²⁶ *Das Wetter*, vol. xi. 1894, pp. 73, 109.

²⁷ *Meteorologische Zeitschrift*, 1896, vol. xxi. p. 431. As to the quantities of rain and snow during the maximal and the minimal sunspots' periods, the whole matter is too complicated to be expressed in one sweeping sentence. Local conditions at different seasons must be

taken into account, as may be seen by comparing the researches of Dr. H. Klein (*Meteorologische Zeitschrift*, 1897, p. 145) with the above-mentioned papers.

²⁸ *Klimaschwankungen seit 1700*, in *Fenck's Geographische Abhandlungen*, iv. 2, Wien, 1890. It was already mentioned in these pages (*Nineteenth Century*, January, 1894).

²⁹ A. McDowall, in *Nature*, vol. lix. 1898, p. 175, has given a very nice diagram to show it.

however, that meteorologists simply want to know what its effect exactly is, and that they failed for a long time to discover it. However, the recent researches of Bouquet de la Grye,³⁸ A. Poincaré and Garrigou-Lagrange³⁹ show that if the effects of the moon upon our atmosphere are treated separately for the periods when our satellite is on the north of the equator and on the south of it, they appear quite distinctly. If we take, for instance, the differences of atmospheric pressure in the latitudes 30° N. and 70° N., we find that they are notably greater when the moon is to the north of the equator. Masses of air must consequently be transferred from the lower latitudes to the higher ones, and such a transfer necessarily influences the distribution of winds.⁴⁰

A number of other periodicities of weather is also under consideration. Such are the nineteen years' period so forcibly advocated by H. C. Russel for Australia, and corresponding to the well-known period of 235 lunar months; the seven years' period discovered in America by Murphy, and three shorter periods of 424, 412, and 11.9 indicated by Lamprecht; the 26.7 days' periodicity in pressure and temperature noticed by Professor Bigelow, which would correspond to the period of rotation of the sun; the five and one-half days' period detected at the Blue Hill Observatory; and so on. And finally there are the cold waves spreading every year in May, and the no less than six cold and three warm periods recurring every year in Europe, and indicated

years ago by the veteran Scotch meteorologist, Mr. Buchan.

At every step we thus find in our atmosphere a recurrence of waves, large and small, and of fluctuations accomplished within periods of short and long duration. That many such waves must exist there is not the slightest doubt, and when all forthcoming evidence has been properly threshed, the knowledge of these waves will certainly be very helpful for the long-period weather forecasts.

The other direction in which research goes on, and in which most valuable knowledge has already been gained for the forecasts several days ahead, is the study of the different *types of weather*, inaugurated by Abercromby and van Bebbler, the Indian and the American meteorologists.⁴¹

The first long-period forecasts were made in India, on the basis of a few empirical sequences suggested by Henry F. Blanford.⁴² The whole life of India depends upon the timely beginning of the rainy season, its perseverance and its timely end. Consequently, it was a vital question to be able to foretell the coming and the general character of the monsoon which brings rains with it. This was begun by H. F. Blanford, and in the hands of his successor, Mr. Elliot, the seasonal forecasts, which are now issued semi-annually, become every year more rational and trustworthy.⁴³ In India, owing to its tropical position, the seasonal changes of weather, which depend upon the general circulation of the atmos-

³⁸ *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*, 1895; *Meteorologische Zeitung*, vols. xxviii. and xxx.

³⁹ *Comptes Rendus*, vol. cxx. 1895, p. 844; cxxi. p. 468 &c.; cxxii. 1896, p. 846; cxxiii. p. 856.

⁴⁰ See also Lindeman in *Das Wetter*, vol. xiii. 1896, p. 145.

⁴¹ The excellent little book of Ralph Abercromby, *Weather: a Popular Exposition of the Nature of Weather Changes from Day to Day* (International Scientific Series), of which the first edition appeared in 1888 and a third edition in 1892, ought to be in the hands of every

meteorologist and observer of weather. Professor W. van Bebbler's *Die Wettervorhersage*, 2nd edition. Stuttgart, 1898, is also written in a popular style, and is also an excellent guide for weather forecasts: it ought to be translated into English.

⁴² A Practical Guide to the Climates and Weather of India, Ceylon, and Burmah, and the Storms of the Indian Seas. London, 1889.

⁴³ Douglas Archibald in *Nature*, vol. lv. 1896, p. 85; *Quarterly Journal of the Meteorological Society*, January, 1896, quoted in the above.

phere, are far more important than the irregular non-periodical changes upon which weather depends in Europe; and this circumstance facilitates the task of the forecaster. Still it took years of study before the various causes influencing the monsoons became known; but now the Indian meteorologists can foretell, as a rule, in the first week of June when the rainy southwest monsoon is expected to come, what will be its probable strength and general character, and what is the probability of that break in the rains in July and August which is so important for the crops. They also foretell the general character of the winter monsoon, but they find it difficult to prophesy when the rainy season will come to an end, although its early termination, being fatal to some crops, may result in a famine.

In the temperate zone, where weather is much more governed by the conflicts between the great equatorial and polar currents of air than by the steady flow of these currents themselves, no such forecasts could be issued. And yet, under certain special conditions—namely, in the Pacific North-West of Northern America—a rather successful attempt in this direction has lately been made by Mr. Pague, the forecast official at Portland, in Oregon. His predictions are issued in the spring for the coming summer, and in the autumn for the coming winter; not at settled dates, but as soon as the summer or the winter type of weather definitely sets in. Last year the summer type of weather made its first appearance very late in the season—namely, on the 7th of July—and it was only at that date

that the summer forecast was issued. A steady dry weather and a succession of repeated short cycles of cool and hot days, with sprinkles of rain at the time of the changes, and occasional thunderstorms following the hot days, were predicted quite successfully.⁴⁴

In the maritime portions of the temperate zone, and especially in Europe, weather prediction becomes a still more complicated problem. Even if we had regular observations, all the year round, of the surface temperatures of the Gulf Stream and the North Sea, we could only gather some broad hints as to the aspects of the coming seasons.⁴⁵ However, even under such difficulties the genius of man finds an outcome. A careful study of thousands of weather charts has enabled Abercromby and Bebbier to discriminate in Europe five distinct types and five sub-types of weather which have the tendency to prevail at certain seasons, to be maintained for several days in succession, and to be followed, each of them, by some other type of weather in preference to all others. Taking as an instance the type which Abercromby described as the "western type of weather," if the forecaster sees it coming he is enabled to foretell with great probability that for the next three or four days there will be an elongated region of high pressure stretching from the West Indies to Vienna, with rapidly decreasing pressures towards the north. Broken weather—cool in summer and warm in winter—will be the consequence. Then—supposing we are in summer—when a change of weather comes there will again be a great probability of the "central type" of Bebbier

⁴⁴ Monthly Weather Review, June, 1898.

⁴⁵ Very interesting researches have been made in this direction by Otto Pettersen, who has shown the close connection between the surface temperatures of the Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea and the distribution of the daily isobars. (Ueber die Beziehung zwischen hydrographischen und meteorologischen Phänomenen, in *Meteorologische Zeitschrift*, xiii. 1896, p.

285.) They have been continued with a decided success on the Gulf Stream by Dr. W. Meinardus, who shows that the surface temperatures of the Gulf Stream at the coasts of Norway in early winter are an indication as to the temperatures which will prevail in late winter and early spring in middle Europe (*Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau* xii. 1897, p. 106, and xiii. 1898, p. 209).

following the western. That means that all over Europe the pressure will be high during the next four or five days, attaining its maximum in middle Germany; from that region winds will blow outwards with great regularity, a blue sky will shine, there will be little rain, and the temperature, low in the mornings, will be above the average in the afternoons.

Of course all these are mere probabilities; but nevertheless the advantage of knowing these types of weather and their probable sequences is manifest. When one type has set in it lasts for days; if it has been broken for a day or two, and has returned, it will persist only the longer after the break, and the coming changes and their direction may be foreseen a few days in advance, if account be taken of the above-mentioned periodicities and especially if the movement in the higher strata of the atmosphere have been taken notice of by means of cloud observations or of balloons and kites. In fact, some modest attempts at forecasting weath-

er a few days ahead are already made, and we find them, in the shape of hints, at the end of the daily meteorological summaries of weather.

To make these provisions more secure, one thing is, however, of first necessity. It is the knowledge of how the great circulation of the atmosphere goes on at a given moment, and this knowledge can only be gained by regularly exploring the higher strata of the atmosphere. A beginning of this is being made by means of meteorological stations that are planted in every civilized country of the world on the tops of some mountains, by means of cloud observations, of international balloon ascents carried out at regular intervals, and especially by means of kites provided with meteorological instruments, which have lately been brought to a very high degree of perfection in America at the Blue Hill Observatory. But these high-level investigations are so full of interesting and instructive results that they must be analyzed separately.

The Nineteenth Century.

P. Kropotkin.

SPRING: A ROUNDEL.

(From the Old French of Charles D'Orleans.)

*The year has cast his cloak away
Of wind-driven cloud and mist and rain;
And dons his summer garb again,
With leaf and flower embroidered gay.*

*And lake and rill and fount display
Their silver jewels, that have lain
Hidden through Winter's time of pain;
Everything dons a new array.
The year has cast his cloak away
Of wind-driven cloud and mist and rain.*

The Speaker.

M. R. Weld.

LONDON BIRDS.

Last spring, after having seen the proof-sheets of my "Birds in London" through the press, I was glad to escape once more to that remote corner of England where nature has ever seemed more fragrant and refreshing than in most places known to me in this island. The old eternal charm was there, the wilderness of wood and water, varicolored marsh and wide brown heath; but my mental state was not the same as on former visits. The scenes I had left did not immediately and wholly vanish from my mind. They were often, and remained long, before my mental vision. It was as if I had put a new bright landscape on a painted canvas, and that the old melancholy scene continued to show through the superimposed picture in strange contrast. I was only too conscious of the difference between the two scenes—the actual and the remembered, town and country. This only served to intensify my satisfaction; and yet it had a disturbing effect.

Let the lover and student of bird life consider for a moment what this change must have been to me, after spending long months, summer and winter, perpetually roaming about from park to park, to seek for and observe the same few species in the same surroundings—ringdove, moorhen, and dabchick; blackbird, thrush, and starling, with a few more; and among them and everywhere, sprinkled about or in throngs, a multitude of gossiping sparrows; and not only in green places, this species being a parasite on man, a house-bird and a gutter-bird, but in the streets too, connecting park with park by means of innumerable tinkling chains with little brown-feathered birds for links. Then in one day the change—oaks and pines for houses;

and for streets and thoroughfares forest glades and shining rivers; for open spaces, squares and parks—league-wide wastes, rough with heather and furze. And the birds!—for those few metropolitan species an abundance and variety beyond that of any other spot in England.

By one of the streams there, on a wooded marshy spot, I found the rare, graceful blue hawk nesting; and that same spot was also haunted by the bluer, shining kingfisher. Close by was another wood of old oak trees, sacred to the brown owls. In that wood they hooted not only by night: at ten to twelve o'clock in the morning, in wet or cloudy weather, they had the habit of suddenly breaking out in loud cries; not as at night, when bird answers bird with a sound distinct and clear and flute-like, but all together in a rude confused concert or chorus, ending as suddenly as it began.

In another direction, miles away, on the confines of the territory I had marked out for my rambles, there was a heronry on the tallest pine trees; and it was a rare pleasure to see the great birds arrive to feed their young and hear their screams echo through the wide solitary wood; a greater pleasure still to watch them depart,

*Lifting gray tranquil wings away
To tranquil skies.*

Of an afternoon, snipe would rise up from the bogs, to fall and and rise and fall again, emitting their mysterious sound each time, far off and faint, like distant tremulous bleatings of invisible kids wandering lost on invisible mountains. But in the evening, after set of sun, another more fascinating sound would be heard—the low, grating note,

as of a hoarse cornerake, twice or thrice repeated, followed by a burst of sibilant sound, shrill as the scream of a bat or the piercing squeak of a frightened shrew-mouse. This was the evening cry of the woodcock; and up and down they would fly, "roding" as it is called, or "showing off," at the side of a dark high wood; and whenever one was seen against the clear pale evening sky he looked like a giant hawk-moth with extended proboscis.

Meanwhile the nightjars, in pairs or small parties of four or five birds, could be heard reeling on all sides; and some of them, spying my motionless figure, and curious to know what manner of creature I was, would come to me and act in the most fantastical manner—now wheeling round and round my head like huge moths, anon tossing themselves up and down like shuttlecocks; in the meantime uttering their loud, rattling, castanet notes, and smiting their wings violently over their backs, producing a sound like the crack of a whiplash.

Returning to the house, I would sit for an hour in the rickyard to watch our one white owl gliding ghost-like around and among the stacks, hunting for mice. One evening I missed him, and he came not the next night, nor the next; then he was discovered in the granary, having found his way in through the cat-hole, cut out at the bottom of the door; but not being a wise owl it had not occurred to him to make his egress by the same way. The poor creature was in the greatest terror when I captured him, and miserably lean, for he had been starving; but his frightened heart beat so violently as I held him, that I was glad to open the door and set him free. He will come back no more, was my thought, when I watched him flying softly away—a strange white bird in the brilliant sunlight, soon vanishing in the shade of the cool, green wood. But on the fol-

lowing night, a little past midnight, his cry sounded once more—that long, sepulchral, sibilant cry, as of the night-wind shrieking in the roof of some old haunted house. Louder and louder it sounded as he came nearer to my open window, then fainter as he flew round to the other side of the house, then louder again as he returned. He was perhaps thanking me for rescuing him.

The last thing every night, when the house was dark and still, I would lean out of my window to listen to the night-ingales singing, widely scattered, some near and loud, some at a distance, scarcely audible. At such times the dark earth, spread out before me, and the wide sky above, each through a different sense—one with melody of hidden birds, the other with glitter of stars—seemed to produce a similar effect on the mind: for just as the stars, some large, intensely bright, others small and pale, burned and sparkled in the dusky blue of heaven, so did the birds, far and near, scattered over that darker under-sky, each in his place, shine and sparkle in their melody.

Enough—perhaps more than enough, albeit so little—has been said to show how great was the difference between this habitation of birds and the one I had lately left. Here I had not to go far to look for them: they were with me everywhere: it was their metropolis; indeed, had it not been for that wrathful chiding of the jays in the woods, and the lamentable wild cries of the redshanks and peewits that followed me on the heath, I might have said that I was their guest. Most delightful of all was the new ease I enjoyed—the relief from patient watchfulness. Like the sunbeams, the warm wind and rain, and the smell of earth and fragrance of flowers, knowledge came to me unsought. How I had endured that long labor of producing a book about London bird life was something for me to wonder at.

Nevertheless, I was no sooner back in town than I began to think that there was no better way of spending my leisure time than in revisiting the parks and other open spaces, to find out how the birds were getting on. Insensibly I resumed my old habits: I watched the little grebes' efforts to establish new colonies in difficult circumstances; and took note of the moorhens' increase; of the growth, evening by evening in summer, of the cloud of starlings at some favorite roosting-place; the autumnal exodus of the wood-pigeons, and other yearly-recurring events in the bird life of London. Now, on the eve of winter, it seems a suitable time to put on record the most interesting of the facts I have observed, or picked up from others, during the last few months. I write in November, and the article may be taken as a short supplementary chapter to the book published in spring.

A few days ago, walking by the Serpentine one evening, I observed a carrion crow perched on the dead branch of a tree on the island close to the boat-house, looking big and very black against the level large-orbed crimson sun and flame of yellow clouds. Swelling out his throat and flirting his wings and tail, he poured forth a series of raucous caws, addressed apparently to the dozen moorhens and two or three hundred mallards quietly sitting on the water below. His speech ended, he rose up and flew slowly away, pursued for a short distance by about thirty impudent sparrows. The crow is our grandest wild bird in London, and it is good to see how persistently he haunts the park where he is not allowed to breed. In some of the other open spaces of inner London he has, this year, succeeded in rearing a few broods. But his favorite haunt and breeding-place is the woods on the south-western border of London. The following incident will show how nu-

merous he is at this point. One evening at the end of last winter, when walking with a friend on the river bank outside of Kew Gardens, we counted fourteen crows in one party wheeling round and round above the water, dropping at intervals upon the surface to pick up some floating substance on which they were feeding. By-and-by three gulls came and joined them at their fishing, and the similarity of action in species so widely different in structure and life habits struck us as very remarkable.

The spring of 1898 was unusually cold and wet, and, in England generally, the most unfavorable breeding season for birds since the disastrous winter of 1894-5. The town birds, however, did not appear to suffer; and as they were more numerous when breeding began than in any previous year, the increase was, I believe, the greatest we have yet known.

Here the wood-pigeons come first of the large birds: until the October scattering took place they were more abundant by a great deal and more generally diffused throughout the metropolis than at any time since their appearance about eighteen years ago. It is probable that they rear more broods than their fellows in the country; certainly they breed later, and many pairs are still occupied in rearing their young long after the autumnal movement has begun. One pair of young birds at Clissold Park did not come off the nest until October 24.

Fortunately the young birds are not stay-at-homes, but are incessantly going about seeking for new places to settle in. In 1898 probably some hundreds of pairs bred in trees all over London which had not known a dove's nest before.

In early spring it was pretty to see the wood-pigeons in flocks on the leafless willows and poplars devouring the catkins; they also fed on the tender

young leaves of the hawthorn and a few other trees, and on the blossoms of the almond tree. Year by year the changes in the habits of our town race become more marked. Thus, during the last summer numbers of wood-pigeons could be seen constantly flying to and alighting on roofs and chimneys on the tallest houses. Many of these birds were no doubt breeding on houses—a new habit which we first observed only two years ago. Tamer than they now are these birds can never be. One morning in September I saw a man sitting on a bench at the side of Rotten Row with a wood-pigeon perched on his wrist feeding on bread from his hand. I asked him if the pigeons knew him—if he was accustomed to feed them at that spot? He replied that it was the first time he had brought bread for the birds; that as soon as he began to throw crumbs to the sparrows, the dove to his surprise flew down from the tree and alighted on his arm.

In autumn the birds, as their habit is, fell upon and devoured the acorns and most of the wild fruit in the parks, as it ripened. On the island at the east end of St. James' Park there is a good-sized well-grown Beam Tree (*Pyrus*), which was laden with clusters of beautiful orange-colored fruit. The wood-pigeons have discovered that this fruit is very nice, and they flocked to the tree in numbers to feast on it; but the long slender boughs, bent down with the weight of the terminal bunches of fruit, made it impossible for them to perch in the usual way to feed; and they were forced to suspend themselves heads down, like parrots or tits, while picking the berries. A prettier or stranger sight than this tree, laden with its brilliantly colored fruit and a score or two of dove-acrobats clinging to its drooping branches, could not well be imagined.

Doubtless a good many of the birds

get killed when they are away from town in the autumn; but not too many of them, since they return in considerable numbers in the early winter. Before very long, if the present rate of increase continues, London will annually send out some thousands of wood-pigeons.

The dabchick and moorhen next claim our attention. The first of these two has had a long and tough fight to establish himself in our ornamental waters, except at St. James' Park, where the bird met with proper protection from the first. His principal enemies are swans, moorhens, rats, and pleasure boats; and against all these he is still contending in some of our park waters, with no sheltered nook or corner to build his floating nest in. Still, he has bred well in many places, and at his old quarters in St. James' Park no fewer than sixteen young were reared. On the miniature lake at Clissold Park the dabchick succeeded in breeding for the first time, three broods being raised by one pair of birds. Sergeant Kimber, of this park, who watched them closely, gave me an interesting account of the grebe's habit of diving with its young attached to it, a habit first observed or described by Mr. Bryan Hook (Seebohm's "British Birds," vol. iii. p. 470). Kimber's account differs somewhat from that of Mr. Hook. He says that the four young birds of the first brood would all scramble on to the back of the parent bird as she sat on the water; that she would then, by a very quick upward movement of her wings, appear to clasp them against her body with her stiff quills, and instantly dive. After some seconds she would come up with all the four young still clasped to her, their heads and necks appearing above her back. At the moment of diving, sometimes one or two of the little ones would drop off and remain floating on the surface until the parent

reappeared, when they would once more scramble on to her back.

It is a great pleasure to have this bird, shy and difficult to observe in a state of nature, grown so tame in our ornamental waters. One day in October, in Finsbury Park, I watched a parent dabchick catching minnows and feeding a full-grown young bird that accompanied it; the fishing and feeding went on for ten to twelve minutes near the edge of the lake, within six or seven feet of where I stood. The old bird dived about nineteen times at that spot, bringing up a small silvery minnow each time; the fish was invariably bruised or crushed with the beak before the hungry, impatient young bird was allowed to take it.

We have another pleasure in hearing this bird's long bubbling or trilling love-call, like a peal of laughter, or a sound between a bird's prolonged cry and the musical laugh of a child.

A still more prolific and pushing bird is the moorhen, the Londoner's first favorite. He can find his own food, but is just as ready as the sparrow and wood-pigeon to take bread from you. He makes his nest on the ground, or on the water among the weeds, or on a low branch, or up in a bush or tree, and is well able to defend it against all enemies. His courage in dashing at and attacking a rat, however big, is delightful to witness. Before the first brood are more than half grown a fresh nest is built and more eggs laid; then the young birds begin to help their parents in keeping the nest in repair, incubating, and finally tending the new lot of young birds when they are out. As soon as the little island or pool inhabited by the birds begins to get too crowded the full-grown young are driven out to look for some pool or island still unoccupied, where they can start life on their own account. At Clissold Park, in the summer of 1897, a single pair of moorhens successfully reared no

fewer than twenty-one young birds. It was thought an astonishing thing in 1837 when one pair of blackbirds on the island at St. James' Park reared seventeen young in a season, in four broods, three of five birds each, and the last of two. But this was nearly half a century before the advent of the moorhen, and the Clissold Park pair now hold the record.

It can hardly be doubted that most of the young birds, perhaps as many as 80 per cent., are annually driven to seek for places outside of London, strongly attached as they are to the parks, where they are sheltered and protected and life is made easy for them. In autumn moorhens are often excessively abundant in any sheltered water on the borders of the metropolis; the majority of these are probably London birds on their travels in search of winter quarters. On October 24 I was astonished at the numbers I saw at Wanstead Old Park. Walking round the lake I saw at one end of Lincoln Island a gathering of eighty-two birds. As they were at rest I was well able, by the aid of a binocular, to count them; never before had I seen as many as half that number in one lot. I may add that rarely have I witnessed a more beautiful scene in wild-bird life than this gathering of moorhens presented. It was a bright, genial day. A group of large horse-chestnuts grow on the marshy end of the island at that spot and extend their long branches over the stagnant water, just then covered with vivid green duckweed. The trees were in their yellow foliage, and the fallen leaves beneath, at the water's edge, formed a rough carpet, yellow, bright russet, and copper red. On the bed of leaves, and on the water at the side, the birds were collected, standing in a variety of pretty attitudes, some idly dozing in the bright sunshine, others preening their feathers, or bathing, or sitting on the water

pecking at the floating duckweed. Here was an exquisite bit of unspoiled nature, a picture that would live in memory: wood and water, the surface of the lake more vividly green than any turf, with here and there clear patches where the sunlit water looked dark as black glass; above, and seen through the wilderness of trees, the blue bright sky—blue behind the yellow autumnal foliage; and on the leaf-strewn margin, and on the water, the company of birds in repose. But the principal element in the beauty of the scene, that which gave it its novelty and rare charm, was the effect of the contrast in the colors of bird and foliage—the dark olive brown and slate black of the moorhens and the intense yellows and copper reds of the big horse-chestnut leaves.

The eighty-two birds which I had seen together were not all, probably not one-half nor even one third, of the entire number in the park. On resuming my walk round the lake I continued to see moorhens, on or by the water, in parties of three or four to a dozen; and on going with the keeper in his canoe to the reeds this part of the lake was found to be full of them.

The starling is another London species that continues to multiply in an extraordinary way, and in the summer of '98 their gatherings at their favorite roosting islands, at Finsbury, Regent's, and Battersea parks, and on the island in the Serpentine, were larger than ever. The long drought and excessive heats must have made it hard for all these birds to find food enough in and near London, and it was observed that early in July they began to go away before their usual time, their evening gatherings showing a great falling off. At the end of summer, when the great heat was over and rain fell, many of the birds returned; and some thousands will probably remain through the winter.

Whether or not the starling ever

rears more than one brood in a season has long been a moot question. I am convinced that in London he rears but one, in spite of the fact that every summer a number of pairs may be seen engaged in feeding their young, in or out of the nest, as late as the third week in August. I believe that all of these late breeders have lost their first young, and for the following reason. The late broods are always at a distance from any open space; and it must be borne in mind that it is only on the large grassy open space that the starling can find the food its young requires. The birds that have their nests in or near the parks bring off their young in June and are not seen breeding again. These are the starlings that form the large gatherings seen at the roosting-places at the end of June; the great business of the year is already over for them and they have resumed their roving habits. The pairs that nest at a distance of, say, between two or three miles from any open space must, during the dog days, in exceptionally hot and dry weather, find it impossible to gather food enough for their broods. The parent bird may make as many as fifty journeys a day to the open space, and will thus travel two or three hundred miles, each four or five miles' journey resulting in a meagre beakful of grubs, dug with labor out of a sun-baked earth at the roots of the trodden grass. The young perish of starvation; but later in the season a fresh attempt is made, and if the weather becomes favorable a brood may be brought off in late August.

It may comfort admirers of the starling to learn that it is possible to help him in his brave efforts, during bad seasons, to rear a family in the parkless districts of London. A neighbor of mine who occupies the upper part of a large, very high house, with dormer-windows opening on to a flat portion of the roof, made the discovery that some

pairs of starlings breeding in the neighborhood would readily come to feed on crumbs and scraps. They fed there constantly during the breeding season, then disappeared for a space of some weeks; now, in November, they are back again, and come every day to feed at that lofty table which is always spread for them, and where they are joined by a couple of wood-pigeons, a crowd of sparrows, and at odd times by some small migrating bird of unknown species, a stranger in London. But of all the guests the glossy, spangled, whistling, chattering starlings are most welcome; and being now grown very tame and bold are watched by their entertainers with ever fresh interest and pleasure.

Of those shy strangers, the accidental or casual visitors, that come to us like silvery thistledown, blown by winds to London from we know not what weedy wayside and waste land in the distant country, nothing need be said here. Of the small migrants that annually penetrate to the parks and gardens of inner London, and remain to breed, we have this year had the blackcap, lesser whitethroat, reed and sedge warblers, spotted fly-catcher, swallows, and cuckoo. Some of these are excessively rare. The swallows, present everywhere on the outskirts of the metropolis, have long almost ceased to exist as town birds. A few sand-martins continue to breed in a bank in the neighborhood of Clapham Junction—of all places; and several pairs of house-martins built their nests this year in North London. A solitary pair of swallows took up their abode in Clissold Park in spring, and, after making and forsaking three nests under the portico of the old Manor House in the park, they made a fourth attempt and successfully reared four young birds. The fly-catcher and pied wagtail are more common. At one park a pair of the

last-named pretty, graceful birds have bred at the same spot in three following seasons; and as the keeper's wife is accustomed to feed them they have grown quite tame and come to her feet to pick up crumbs. At Fulham Palace a pair made choice of a laurel, trained against the wall, to build in, and placed their nest quite close to the door opening on to the lawn, where people were going in and out all day long. One day, in the third week in July, a full-grown handsome young cuckoo tumbled out of this nest, and was probably injured by falling upon the stone step below, as it died a few hours later, in spite of having a London bishop's family to nurse it and minister to its wants. After this little bird-tragedy Mrs. Creighton remembered that a few weeks earlier in the season, on two or three occasions, she had surprised a cuckoo paying mysterious visits to the palace.

To return to our commonest resident species. On the afternoon of September 7 a curious performance, with sparrows and starlings for actors, was witnessed over a large portion of West London. I chanced to see from a top window that a considerable number of sparrows had placed themselves on the highest points on the roof of a neighboring church and on the tallest chimney-pots of the adjoining houses. They were all excitedly watching the sky, at intervals flying up to a height of thirty or forty yards above the house-tops to pursue some passing insect; this caught, the sparrow would return to its stand to kill and devour it. By-and-by a party of half a dozen starlings came to the church roof to join in the fun. The insects they were preying on, seen through a powerful field-glass, looked like crane-flies, and on the following days I observed that these insects were abundant on the grass in the central parks. Going out, I went some distance on foot and on top of an omnibus,

and found the same state of things everywhere, the sparrows all sitting on the highest points attainable, and not one bird to be seen in the streets or on the trees. I also saw many starlings in parties of from four or five to a dozen, nearly all young birds; and in most instances these did not make forays after passing insects from a stand, but flew continuously in circles at a height of forty or fifty yards about the houses. Many persons who observed them wheeling about so high up in the air took them for swallows.

It is indeed seldom that the London sparrow has an opportunity of going back to the wild delights of an insectivorous diet, reminding us in doing so that he does not live by stale bread alone—when there is something else to be had. Another of my notes made last spring on this much-written-about little bird relates to his mischievous propensities; or shall we rather say his æsthetic tastes? In May a pair of sparrows built their slovenly nest behind a rain-pipe, close to one of my top windows. While the hen was sitting, the cock bird began to amuse himself by bringing sprays of laburnum blossoms, neatly cut off at their base from the branch, from a tree in a front garden some sixty yards away; some of the sprays were used to decorate the nest, others were placed on the window-ledge to be pulled and tossed playfully about, and finally dropped over the edge into the area below. One morning I counted forty-five sprays that had been thus thrown down. After a few days the laburnum tree was 'pretty well stripped of its "drooping wells of fire," and presented a forlorn and ragged appearance.

A word remains to be said here on a subject discussed in my book: the excessive abundance of the sparrow in our public open spaces, and the need of some kind of a check on them, less unpleasant to think of than the rough,

bungling methods employed in some of the parks. Outside the parks we have seen that the cat effectually keeps the sparrow population within bounds: for the parks, I have advocated the introduction of birds that prey on the sparrow, its eggs and young. I was more than ever convinced that such a policy would be the right one by what I observed in the summer in Kensington Gardens, when the jackdaws had young in the hollow trees near the palace. From all I heard from others, and saw for myself on several mornings, I came to the conclusion that these daws fed their broods almost exclusively on sparrow fledglings. They would have been very un-crowlike birds indeed if they had neglected to do so, seeing that the disorderly conspicuous nests (full of food when food was wanted) were abundant all along the Flower Walk. Here the daws were busiest during the early hours of the morning, when people were not about, flying to and fro between their hollow nest-trees and the feeding-ground, or sparrowry, if such a word be allowable. If we were to add to the dozen pairs of breeding daws and one or two pairs of owls in these gardens, a few jays, magpies, and a pair or two of sparrowhawks, there would still be sparrows enough, and the park-keepers would be spared the dreary work of trying to keep them down.

Owls, I have reason to believe, are more common in and around London than I had thought. At Wellfield, a private estate of forty acres adjoining Streatham Common, a wonderfully beautiful wooded wilderness at a distance of little more than six miles from Charing Cross, I had evidence of the value of the London owl as a check on the sparrow. A lady of the house showed me one of the owl-trees in the grounds, an ancient, hollow, dis-crowned elm; on looking closely at the roots, I found a large number of cast-

up pellets composed of the indigestible portions of the bird's food—fur of rats and mice mixed with feathers and small bones; to my surprise, every pellet I examined contained a sparrow's skull.

At Wellfield, to conclude, I was told the story of probably the last pair of cornerakes that have bred in a London suburb. About 1890 the birds made their appearance in spring, and for three consecutive years returned to breed in the grounds. The male, I was

told, "was absurdly tame for so shy a bird;" and invariably in wet weather made his appearance on the lawn, and, squatting on the turf not many yards away from the drawing-room window, he would *crake—crake—crake* monotonously by the hour, jerking his body forward at each note.

During the third summer the nest was accidentally destroyed by a workman, and the birds vanished, to return no more.

W. H. Hudson.

Longman's Magazine.

THE BIRDS' PETITION.

I.

Deep in leafy woodland bowers,
Bright with undergrowth of flowers,
O'er the dappled mead and pool,
And in tangled lanes most cool,
Pipe the throistle, finch, and lark,
From the dewy dawn to dark,
And they pipe, and never tire,
Songs as sweet as love's desire.

II.

Oft to me they seem to sing,
On the branch, or on the wing,
"If you leave us space and sky,
Room to nest and sing and fly,
We will pipe for your delight,
Pipe and make the days more bright;
But in narrow cage confined,
Song is slain by joy unkind.

III.

"Honor, then, our wide domain,
Break not little hearts with pain;
God, who made the merry day,
Gave to us our roundelay;
And like honey-laden bee,
Or like wild winds, made us free;
Leave, then, leave us to our song,
Woods and meads and flowers among."

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Charles Lusted.

THE PLACE OF NATURAL ORNAMENT.

The figures as to the destruction of birds of rare plumage, given by Mr. Alfred Newton in a letter to the Times on the plumé trade, are unpleasant reading. He shows that in a single year over thirty-five thousand birds of paradise alone were killed for importation to England. The special cruelty of the trade in egret plumes, for which the birds are shot while feeding their nestlings, can only be compared with that of the sealers who kill the mother seals at sea when they are suckling their young. But apart from any special form of inhumanity, this destruction of the birds of paradise is a clear waste and misuse of some of the most beautiful of "natural commodities." The perfection of ornament seen in these birds, and in several other species, seems clearly intended as an end in itself, something the mere contemplation of which in the living bird is matter for profound satisfaction and æsthetic pleasure. Natural ornament has reached its climax in the bird, and is the result of an elaborate combination. To take this master-piece and transfer it to form part only of another scheme of ornament in dress must, in all probability, be an error in taste. Even the past-masters of the fine arts show the utmost delicacy and circumspection in appropriating any elaborated natural ornament, as it appears on the creature *as a whole*, to the uses of art. Instances of such appropriation by artists of distinction are so rare that they might be counted on the fingers of one hand. The use of the whole nautilus shell by Mr. Gilbert in his exquisite goldsmith's work, and of some few other shells, such as the ear-shaped iridescent green *Haliotis iris*, is among the very few examples of the

successful setting in a scheme of decoration of the combinations of form and color designed by Nature.

The parts, on the other hand, which Nature has combined in such highly decorated works of art as the paradise-birds, the peacocks, the pheasants, and humming-birds, seem expressly intended to suggest not their direct transference from the bird to the costume, but their reproduction and use as a motive in decoration of any kind, whether in dress or design. Elaborated ornament like the peacock "eye" and other "ocelli," and the rare but exquisite designs in patterns found on plumage, on shells, and on some reptiles and insects, are found not only in combination with other intense forms of ornament, such as brilliant hues, waving plumes, and iridescence in peacocks and paradise-birds, but also detached, in far more sober setting, often on creatures which have no connection of any kind with the birds which are noted for such gorgeous adornment. It is in these detached instances of the occurrence of such ornaments, and not in the "set pieces" of Nature, that we find the best suggestions for their use in decoration. For the use, in dress, for instance, of such an ornament as the peacock "eye," we must *not* look to its setting in the peacock's tail. There it belongs to a scale of colors far too brilliant for our use. We cannot take and reproduce a square foot of that coloration for employment in ordinary fabrics, or the decoration of interiors, unless the size is very great, as in the interior of St. Paul's. Even where the whole scheme has been borrowed and a "peacock room" produced, the good effect is very doubtful.

But if the occurrence of the peacock "eye," one of the common instances of natural ornament, is traced in the decoration of other and less gorgeous species, the suggestions of Nature are found to be singularly complete. The color in which it is set is, in most cases, a cool, darkish gray, made up of pencillings of black on white. It is used in this way on the plumage of the peacock pheasant, and of the polyplectron, while the component colors, an iridescent blue and black, are seen in the same contrast with the pencilled gray of the wild duck's wing. In fish, some of which are marked with the peacock "eye" in great perfection, the same scheme is seen. Recently at the "Zoo" the eared sunfish developed a brilliant peacock "eye" on each shoulder, the rest of the fish being of this cool gray. More than one species of fish assumes the peacock ornament in the breeding season, the small *girardinus* from Trinidad having it as strongly marked as the sunfish, and set on an even paler background. In butterflies, if the ornament is set in warmer colors than this gray, the "eye" itself is paler and less elaborated, as in the peacock butterflies, and certain of the silk moths. Other silk moths have the "eye" composed in pink and mauve, instead of in blue and black, and set on tawny. These are all hints for the use of natural ornament in human design, whether for dress or decoration of rooms or furniture. For examples of effective combinations of coloring for costume, apart from special forms or types of ornament, we must again look, not to the most striking and brilliant of birds and butterflies, which are perfected ornaments in themselves but to those in the second or third grade in the scale of coloring, the more sober pheasants, or the moths of the tropics, and even of England. On some of the less known pheasants designs are

given ready-made for costumes, perfectly balanced and contrasted and with the differences of texture as well as of color and pattern suggested by the lustre or dulness of the feathers which compose the parts. One species of pheasant exhibited at Amsterdam is "dressed" in a combination of mottled gray, trimmed with a dull crimson and laced with green. The plumage suggests a perfect walking dress for London in autumn or winter.

Of pure pattern, or the repetition of ornament, there are not many examples in bird-plumage, and most of those which exist are well known. The scale pattern, seen in perfection on the neck of the Argus pheasant; the chequer, on the great Northern diver and certain caterpillars; and the reticulations on the skin of pythons and a few other snakes, are among the most striking. But the "spot" patterns, seen in birds, butterflies, and shells, are by no means as much appreciated as they deserve to be. The best of all the "spot" patterns is that recurring on the tragopans, the harlequin duck, and many small Australian finches, in which a small, opaque-white spot, sometimes ringed with black, is scattered over a brilliant orange-chestnut ground. This would probably be very effective in silk, for trimming other material, though not for a whole costume. But it is only as "trimming" or "panels" to different parts of the bird's costume that it is used in Nature.

A mine of suggestion for the use of natural ornament may be found among the immense variety of sea-shells. Among them pattern is found in its most artificial state of development, while the design on many seems as intentional as in a Roman pavement. The most artificial of any is the *Voluta musica*, a West Indian shell, in which there are bands of lines like the lines on music paper, spaced at regular intervals. The spaces between the

lined spirals are filled in with dots of rosy-brown and violet-gray. The *Harpa ventricosa*, from Mauritius, has two highly artificial and effective forms of ornament. Very sharp, almost cutting, ridges run down it lengthwise, with a twist like the grooves in a rifle-barrel. Crossways, between these ridges, it has purplish ornaments almost exactly like that kind of inner lining to the binding of books which is made by floating colors on oil and drawing through them a wire comb which leaves lines of elongated, scale-like tongues of various colors. The marbled cone-shell from China has a regular pattern of almond-shaped white patches, set like *cloisonné* enamel, in dark brown. Among other cone-shells are some in which the whole surface is divided into tiny scales of irregular size, edged with brown, as if marked in indelible ink. Over these at intervals are drawn bands of warm golden-brown, leaving the impression that the groundwork of the shell is overlaid at intervals with belts of transparent color.

The virgin cone is pinkish ivory-white, with a royal purple tail, and one tiny sea-snail has a pattern like a row of hare-bells, traced in black, all growing from the centre of its convolutions and spreading over its broader parts. One not very beautiful cowry has yellow rings apparently painted on its back by an unskillful artist. One almost sees the brush-marks, and where the paint ran. Its name is *Cypræa argus*. But the most beautiful of all the cowries are those which depend for ornament, not on pattern, but on lustre and polish. The finest of all, the *Cypræa talpa*, from the Sandwich Islands, has *always* been regarded as the natural property of chiefs. It is said that an allied species found elsewhere is esteemed in exactly the same

way. It is a shell not larger than a hen's egg, but colored below with brown shading into black so incredibly rich in tint, that with the pale, cloudy lights which appear through it, it surpasses the richness of tint of the finest furs. Tortoiseshell is not comparable to this exquisite cowry, which in addition to its tint has an incomparable natural polish. It is the "shinlest" of all natural objects, more highly polished even than the egg of the tinamou. This lustre and tint might possibly be reproduced in Limoges enamel. But for direct suggestion of ornament one shell excels all others. It is a kind of "silver nun" like that found on our coasts, but of very different coloring. It is found in the Red Sea, and takes crimson as its appropriate color. *Monodonta Pharaonis* is its scientific name. If it needs a popular one we would suggest that of "Pharaoh's button." There are varieties, differently tinted, but the one lying before us is perhaps the most brilliant. The spiral of the upper surface is made up of minute beaded lines in parallels, as if compact of beads threaded on wire. These beads are either dark crimson or pale rose-colored, alternating, but at every seventh row each alternate bead is black instead of red. The higher up the spiral the beads run the paler they become, till at the point the shell is rose-colored, not crimson. Beneath, at the mouth of the shell, and for so far up the interior as is visible, it is lined with glittering mother-of-pearl. A commoner form of this exquisite little shell has alternate black and red bands, a coarser exterior, and poorer lining. But the fine varieties are among the sea treasures what the humming-birds are among the beauties of the forest.

THE ART OF POETRY.*

Liberty of utterance, spontaneity, is the mark of the highest poetry. To be spontaneous is the whole art of poetry, and especially distinguishes it from the artifice of poetry. It is therefore the main object of artifice to appear spontaneous. The master-artificer of our time, more skilled than Pope, accomplished beyond praise, never attained greater liberty of utterance than in the serenade in "Maud":—

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her
feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

The master-artist of all time was never more at ease than in the overture to "Twelfth Night":—

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh
art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters
there,
Of what vanity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is
fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

There is no prompt effect in the blank verse to equal the quadruple knock of the artificer's rhyme; Shakespeare's careless fault, the rhyme "there"—"soe'er," is worse than Tennyson's repeated subjunctive "were it," but nothing in the blank verse requires

such a resolute countenance or puts so much constraint on the imagination as Tennyson's conclusion, "purple and red." It appears, then, that the carelessness of the artist is unconsciously simulated by the artificer, the exigent form the instinct of the latter selects entailing difficulties that make faults. Poetry is the most empirical of all the arts; in a sense every poet is a charlatan; he can give no authority except his own experience, his own imagination; in the last resort he can give no authority at all; he cannot tell: it was the Muse. Whether he be artificer or artist, and the true poet is always both, it is liberty of utterance he seeks. Poetry is the least artificial of all the arts; it is at its best when it is most archaic. This is not a matter of obsolete words; rather it is an eschewing of libraries, a getting back to the earth divested, saving the harp and sword, of all the inventions of man's hands and mind. Thus the freest utterance is always to be found in the narrative or the drama. Subconsciousness, which the poet singing in his own character inevitably obscures—that is to say, the eternal, the voice of the species—becomes audible in personation. The Elizabethan-Jacobean age, the great period of the drama, is also the great period of poetry, when every aid to free and full utterance was employed in the disdain of art. It was in "The Spanish Tragedy" that Kyd revealed the new and excellent way of the madman. Here was liberty at last; everything could be said; and the kernel of the world appear through the rent in the heart, the crack in the mind. Hieronimo announces the woe of the awakened intelligence trembling on the verge of madness in three lines, three

* The Spanish Tragedy. A play written by Thomas Kyd. Edited, with a preface, notes, and glossary, by J. Schick, Professor at Munich University. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

crude lines that are not surpassed by any piercing utterance of Hamlet, Timon, or Lear:—

This toils my body, this consumeth
age,
That only I to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to
me.

It is a cry wrung from the inmost heart. These words do not occur in the additional matter; they are Kyd's, and they are the cognizance of Elizabethan tragedy.

In his quaint, erudite, and most readable preface, Professor Schick says of the play itself: "It is like an enchanted garden, where lifeless wooden puppets seem to wait for the magician who is to wake them into life. We know that the magician did come, and of old Jeronimo he made Hamlet and Lear, out of Horatio and Bellimperia he made the loveliest of all wooing-scenes in 'Romeo and Juliet,' of the play within the play he made the most subtle awak-

The Speaker.

ener of conscience" . . . Kyd's fate has been that of most pioneers. The crops of others wave on the land he cleared. But it would be easy to revive and perpetuate his memory. "The Spanish Tragedy" was so seminal in its own time, and, above all, was so influential in determining the character of some of Shakespeare's greatest work, that its regular publication as an appendix in popular editions of Shakespeare would be much more to the purpose than the inclusion of "Edward III.," for example. Meantime, we have Mr. Dent's admirable "Temple Edition," which I hope will be widely read. Professor Schick's "wooden puppets" is extreme. Hieronimo, although only the outline of a character, is made by Kyd the mouthpiece of his own actual woe, and the "Painter's part," the interpolation whose fame eclipsed that of the play itself, and which might have been hurriedly written by Shakespeare, will arrest and hold the most careless reader.

John Davidson.

THE NEW ARRANGEMENT WITH FRANCE.

Much credit is due to Lord Salisbury and M. Cambon for their agreement as to the African dispute. They have settled an exceedingly difficult question, which quite recently brought the two nations within sight of war, in a way so large that both countries appear to have gained much, while neither sacrifices anything of its dignity. As was, of course, under the circumstances inevitable, Great Britain adheres to her original decision, and recovers "for Egypt" the whole of the Khedive's original possession in the Valley of the Nile. The French abandon the whole of the valley of the Bahr-el-Ghazel, and

acknowledge the right of Egypt to the whole of Darfur, with any territories which may lie between those two geographical terms. The valley of the Bahr-el-Ghazel is, like most such valleys in the tropics, an unhealthy, because miasmatic, stretch of swampy mud, which Europeans cannot cultivate, but which negroes and fellaheen can, and which, when cultivated, yields rich crops, and, if reasonably protected from incursions, may by degrees be made to bear a fair taxation. There are richer valleys in Bengal and China, but probably nowhere else; but the value of the one in the Soudan is im-

paired permanently by the dense vapors drawn up by an African sun, and for the present by the absence of the dense population which its fertility is certain sooner or later to attract. Darfur, on the other hand, is a fairly healthy State, everywhere culturable, with quantities of copper and possibly coal beneath the soil. It contains some 4,000,000 of people, and, though they will not at first be pleasant subjects, they include some tribes of great fighting capacity who are not Mussulmans, and who may furnish valuable soldiers to the British. With these two possessions, Great Britain, "through Egypt," becomes mistress of the entire left bank of the Nile down to the Lakes; and if Germany and Belgium are reasonable, as they appear to intend, acquires sovereignty over the entire Nile Valley with a right of way, broken only by two strips of territory belonging to those Powers, from the Mediterranean to the Lakes—a very large and, it may prove, a very rich addition to her share of the "white man's burden." France, on the other hand, obtains a complete acknowledgment of her claim to all Africa between the French Congo and the frontier of Bahr-el-Ghazel; which is to be carefully delimited, and is recognized as sole protector of the two great States of Baghirmi and Wadal, and nearly all the territory round Lake Tchad, thus making her Empire, which she can enter, if she is ever adventurous enough, from the North as well as the West, a really enormous and quite unbroken one. Both Great Britain and France abandon any idea they may have had of stretching across Africa from West to East, or East to West, an idea which, for a century at least, must have been profitless to either; and both can trade freely in each other's dominions, a concession which costs the free-trading State absolutely nothing, but which may in the end prove of some value to

British commerce, though should that ever happen it will, we fear, prove fruitful of many disputes. France, however, values it, because it saves her dignity, for it allows her traders, though not her soldiers, to approach the Nile, and there was no reason whatever why the right should not be recorded in a treaty. It follows that the frontiers of Great Britain and France will in Africa march for many hundreds of miles and that consequently either can attack the other by land; but that was inevitable under any arrangement if Africa was to be partitioned, and it is by no means certain that the disappearance of buffer States is not a security for peace. Great Powers do not violate each other's territories unless they mean war, while they do condescend to intrigues with the view of acquiring "influence" in buffer States, which are always irritating and often dangerous. Upon the whole, we believe we may honestly congratulate both States on the removal of exasperating reasons for quarrel; and also their representatives, who must have exercised great patience, and displayed a certain largeness of view. The concessions of even a shadowy right to entire provinces always tries the temper of diplomatists, and the trial is none the less severe when the trustees on both sides are compelled to rely on experts for information, when maps are almost absolutely untrustworthy, and when great slices of valuable land are mixed up inextricably with greater slices still of "light soil"—that is, desert—and swamps which would make a rice planter in the worst districts of South Carolina turn sick with disgust.

It must, at the same time, be carefully noted that this agreement does not even help to legalize our most uncomfortable legal position in Egypt, and, indeed, in the whole of the Nile Valley, and that under it, if we acquire

rights, we also undertake liabilities of a very serious kind. We shall doubtless in the end organize a force on the Upper Nile strong enough to serve as a basis for effective government and taxation, but at present our sovereignty will involve, either to Egypt or ourselves, or both, an expense which may prove considerable. The French will probably do nothing with their share of Africa until they find it convenient, but it is contrary to the British temperament, and even the British conscience, to permit anarchy to reign in countries for whose good order they are in any degree responsible. Whatever may be our plans of the moment, we shall not long allow the Bahr-el-Ghazel to be raided as it has lately been by negro chiefs from Ubanghi; or permit Darfur to remain, as at present, a nest of fanatic Mohammedan brigands. We shall soon hear of expeditions in both directions, and though we usually succeed in such adventures, it is usually by dint of locking up fractions of our limited and very costly army. Moreover, every such expedition involves a certain amount of risk, and in Africa, as in India, any defeat will be followed by risings which it is difficult and costly to suppress. The negro and negroid tribes have, it is true, but little cohesion, and we can now draw in India, in the Zulu country, in the Houssa Provinces, and in the Egyptian Soudan itself, upon amazing reservoirs of brave men, capable of discipline, and able to bear the climate; but still we must pay the officers, we

must supply the artillery, and we must organize the steam flotillas, and it is as yet by no means clear whence revenue is to be derived. We suppose in the end that trade will develop itself, and that we shall be able without violence to raise a land tax; but taxation has not proved our strong point in Western Africa, and we do nothing very cheaply. Empires, however, are not built without both risk and expense, and as the British people have decided to insist on expansion, they are most fortunate to be able to expand without exciting European wars. There is a black spot in the African horizon in Abyssinia, but that may be avoided with care until Menelik's conglomerate empire melts again into its component parts; and there is this solace to be offered to all doubters. There is very little left in Africa to be conquered. The work of partitioning the vast continent has been effected with a rapidity that is absolutely portentous, and unless we quarrel with France over Barca, which is just conceivable, or France and Germany dispute the reversion of the Congo Free State, which is quite possible, there is no reason to fear further European complications. Our new obligations and rights are a little bewildering, nevertheless, and we cannot wonder that grave men shake their heads, whisper about overstrain, or even quote sentences from Scripture about the danger that accompanies the constant addition of field to field.

The Economist.

A LITTLE MASTER OF ENGLISH.*

This little book in a blue cover should do much to make the writings of Samuel Rutherford better known to general

* *Letters of Samuel Rutherford.* Selected from the Edition edited by the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 2s.)

readers. His works are loved by many; and by a few his "Letters" are, perhaps, still accounted "the most seraphic book in our literature." That was the praise they received when first pub-

lished, and they still give out a most sweet savor. More than twenty-five editions of these "Letters" have appeared since 1664, the best being the one issued five years ago by Dr. Bonar. The slim volume before us is a selection from that edition, and we are tempted to string together a few of the radiant sentences in which it abounds.

For the sake of those who meet him for the first time, it will be well to premise that Samuel Rutherford was a Scottish minister in the age which gave us the Authorized Version of the Bible. He became minister of Anwoth, a small village in Kircudbrightshire, in 1627, and was so diligent a shepherd that they said of him: "He is *always* preaching, *always* visiting the sick, *always* catechising, *always* writing and studying." The more active of these employments were cut off by his banishment to Aberdeen in 1636. There he was free to move about among the people, but not to preach. The granite city was virtually his prison. One thing he could do: he could write letters to the saints of Anwoth and to his friends generally, and comfort them in the Lord. He could take pen and pour out his spiritual experiences. So he was *always* writing letters. He spilled his joys and sorrows upon paper; he gave comfort and sought it. Sometimes his joy makes his confinement a positive sweetness. "This prison," he writes, "is my banquetting house; I am handled softly and delicately as a dawted child." Again:

The smell of Christ's wine and apples (which surpass the up-taking of dull sense) bloweth upon my soul. . . . Nay, His cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bare; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails are to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbor.

From this "banquetting house" he sought to cheer his fellows in the vineyard: "I tell you Christ will make

new work out of old, forecasten Scotland, and gather the old broken boards of His tabernacle, and pin them and nail them together." Again, with evangelical fervor: "Oh, if I could make my Lord Jesus market-sweet, lovely, desirable, and fair to all the world, both to Jew and Gentile!" He learns anew the vanity of the world, and would instil it: "Oh, that we had as soon done with this world, and could as quickly despatch the love of it! But as a child cannot hold two apples in his little hand, but the one putteth the other out of its room, so neither can we be masters and lords of two loves."

Stinted of life, he sees the end of it, and is often pointing to the grave:

Remember, when the race is ended, and the play either won or lost, and ye are in the utmost circle and border of time, and shall put your foot within the march of eternity, and all your good things of this short night-dream shall seem to you like the ashes of a bleeze of thorns or straw, and your poor soul shall be crying, "Lodging, lodging, for God's sake!" then shall your soul be more glad at one of your Lord's lovely and homely smiles than if ye had the charters of three worlds for all eternity.

But he can comfort as well as warn. As a comforter Samuel Rutherford must have been accounted great:

Christ was death's Cautioner, who gave His word to come and loose all the clay-pawns, and set them at his own right hand; and our Cautioner, Christ, hath an act of law-surety upon death, to render back his captives. And that Lord Jesus, who knoweth the turnings and windings that are in that black trance of death, hath numbered all the steps of the stair up to heaven. He knoweth how long the turnpike is, or how many pair of stairs high it is; for He ascended that way Himself: "I was dead and am alive." And now He liveth at the

right hand of God, and His garments have not so much as the smell of death.

Not always was Samuel Rutherford uplifted. Sometimes his prison was really a prison and his sorrows like lead. To conclude: where, in the literature of faith, shall we find the aspirations of the Christian more sweetly and plaintively uttered than in these sentences?

A little of God would make my soul bankfull. Oh that I had but Christ's odd off-fallings; that He would let but the meanest of His love-rays and love-beams fall from Him so as I might gather and carry them with me! I would not be ill to please with Christ, and vailed vision of Christ; neither would I be dainty in seeing and enjoying of Him: a kiss of Christ blown over His shoulder, the parings and crumbs of glory that fall under His table in heaven, a shower like a thin May-mist of His love, would make me green, and sappy, and joy-

The Academy.

ful, till the summer-sun of an eternal glory break up.

The summer-sun of earthly liberty broke first on Samuel Rutherford. For many years he was a great man in the Scottish Church, and was sent up to the Westminster Assembly in 1643. After the Restoration he was again in disfavor, and was summoned to appear before the Parliament in Edinburgh on a charge of high treason. His enemies were too late. He replied that he had already got a summons to a higher tribunal; and he added, with one of his touches of humor, "ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come." Yet there were great folk who had been taking knowledge of him that he would soon be with his Master. When the Parliament voted that he should not die in St. Andrews, where his last days had been spent, Lord Burleigh rose and said, "Ye cannot vote him out of heaven." So passed this servant of God, and little master of English.

THE MOAT.

Around this lichened home of hoary peace,
Invulnerable in its glassy moat,
A breath of ghostly summers seems to float
And murmur 'mid the immemorial trees.
The tender slopes, where cattle browse at ease,
Swell softly, like a pigeon's emerald throat;
And self-oblivious Time forgets to note
The flight of velvet-footed centuries.

The golden sunshine, netted in the close,
Sleeps indolently by the Yew's slow shade;
Still, as some relic an old master made,
The jewelled peacock's rich enamel glows,
And on yon mossy wall that youthful rose
Blooms like a rose which never means to fade.

Mathilde Blind.

